THE

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WHAT SHALL WE DO WITHOUT THE "TIMES"?

We are not about to comment upon the proceedings before the Special Commission. But while treating matters which are *sub judice* with the proper reserve, we cannot refrain from indulging in a somewhat melancholy forecast, suggested no doubt by the blank consternation occasioned by the attitude of Mr. Graham before the Commissioners, but not otherwise intruding upon forbidden ground. Suppose that the end of the trial resembles the opening of it, where will the *Times* be? Suppose that the verdict of the Special Commission should declare that the *Times* has utterly failed to substantiate its charges, that the famous letters are manifest forgeries, and that "Parnellism and Crime" stands revealed as a baseless fabric of malicious calumny, what will become of the *Times*? We confess we feel uneasy when we ask that question, and the more carefully we scrutinize the conduct of their case yesterday the more uncomfortable do we feel, the more anxious do we become as to the effect which such an issue of the proceedings might have upon the future of the *Times*.

For if the worst comes to the worst, the *Times* might have no future. The *Times* itself might cease to exist. It has practically staked its all upon this issue; and if Mr. Parnell comes off victorious, the *Times* will be bankrupt in honour, bankrupt in prestige, and who can say how long it will be before material bankruptcy follows the collapse of its moral position? There are not wanting those who say that the dividends from the property have been falling off very seriously of late. Ingenious persons have indulged in calculations showing that its revenue from advertisements has fallen off heavily of recent months, and the common opinion is that its circulation is no longer what it was. This, indeed, is not unlikely, for the shrinkage of the income of the landed interest makes a threepenny daily a luxury beyond the means of many who formerly were regular subscribers. If on the top of diminishing advertisements and dwindling circulation there comes such a crushing blow as that which Mr. Graham seemed almost to invite yesterday, is it not possible that the *Times* may cease to exist? We frankly confess we regard such a possibility with unfeigned regret. It would be a great disaster for journalism and a serious misfortune for the Empire if the *Times* were to perish. There is no other newspaper which can pretend to take its place. There are few newspapers which cannot beat it in some special department. But there is no newspaper which has the means, or the resources, or even it would seem the ambition, to supply so steady and universal a stream of information. Speaking as journalists, we say unhesitatingly that we could better afford to lose any three daily newspapers in existence rather than the *Times*. No doubt it is often deadly dull. No doubt it is often utterly unscrupulous. No doubt it is almost invariably mistaken on all the great questions which come up for settlement. These are grave offences even if they stood alone. But they do not stand alone. The *Times* has practically no brain for foreign affairs. It might be the most powerful newspaper in Europe, but its conductors have no ideas, its contributors no direction, and so it is practically a wasted or worse than wasted force. But notwithstanding all these drawbacks, there is no indispensable paper in the world but the *Times*, and we contemplate the possibility of its disappearance with a feeling not far removed from absolute dismay.

We do hope that the *Times* won't die. We grant that its present conductors, if the case goes against them, will have justified a demand for new management. But the good old *Times*, or, if our readers prefer it, the wicked old *Times*, must not be allowed to go down. We do not even suppose that Mr. W. H. Smith will propose to subsidize his friend Mr. Walter from the national exchequer. But among the wealthy men of England, there ought to be some sufficiently public spirited to come to the rescue. Millionaires give hundreds of thousands to found colleges, to lay out parks, to build lodging-houses. Surely the endowment of a great newspaper, which has become a necessity of life to the governing classes, is a form of public benefaction far more attractive than any of the conventional modes of disposing of surplus wealth. If, therefore, the worst should come to the worst, and the *Times* should be so heavily hit in prestige and in fortune that it can no longer afford the expenditure which it now incurs daily in all parts of the world in the collecting of news, we trust and believe that when the hat goes round from Printing House-square it will not return empty—provided, of course, that those responsible for the great blunder are replaced by more competent and capable men. There is an immense recuperative power in an old-established newspaper, and it might rally even after an adverse verdict from the Special Commission. England cannot afford to be without her *Times*.

A TRAGEDY IN HUMBLE LIFE.—(*Concluded.*)

IV.

"I'd sooner," says Adam Bede, "do a wickedness as I could suffer for by myself, than ha' brought her to do wickedness, and all for a bit o' pleasure, as if he'd had a man's heart in him, he'd ha' cut his hand off sooner than ha' taken it. What if he did not foresee what's happened? He foresaw enough; he'd no right to expect anything but harm and shame to her. No, there's plenty o' things folk are hanged for not half so hateful as that. Let a man do what he wills if he knows he's to bear the punishment himself; it isn't half so bad as a mean, selfish coward as makes things easy to himself, and knows all the while the punishment 'll fall on somebody else." That is what Adam Bede said and thought. It was much too elevated a sentiment for Edgar Woolley, who is now lying at Guy's Hospital with a bullet wound in his left thigh, and who, so far from considering that he is morally a more despicable wretch than the Whitechapel murderer, and one who has not received a tithe of his deserts, regards himself in his small way as a kind of martyr. Woolley is a red-haired fellow of thirty, with somewhat prominent eyes, a foul and corrupted mind, and an absolute callousness to the misery which he entails upon the wretched girls whom he brings to shame "for a bit o' pleasure." Grace Young is not his only victim. The use of some common epithet to describe acts which differ as widely as the Poles is most confusing to the moral sense. However much we may deplore the consequences which follow the abandonment of a passionate, "unguarded love," however disastrous may be the results of a mutual affection which tarries not for the legalization of its union, it is impossible to class such a lapse from the path of morality as belonging to the same category as the cold, calculating selfishness with which such men as Edgar Woolley hunt down their prey. He never was in love with Grace Young. His vulgar amours were not redeemed by a spark of sentiment or a single glow of sincere affection.

There are many such in all ranks of life. Like the unclean monsters of the deep to whom, in the myths of Hellas, maidens were delivered to be devoured, they lurk in obscurity, unknown and unrecognized, until they emerge from their primal ooze to devour their prey, and then again they disappear. It is rare that they can be transfixed with the sword of Perseus. For one Andromeda who is rescued in time, a thousand fall unnoticed. Hence the importance, when a clear case arises, pitilessly to pillory the offender before the world. The impunity—nay, the popularity—of such as he is one of the darkest blots on the morals of Europe.

> The character of the passionless seducer (remarks Lecky) has been glorified and idealized in the popular literature of Christendom in a manner without parallel in antiquity. The coldest and most deliberate treachery may be employed to blast the lives of innocent women without reproach. Yet it is difficult to conceive cruelty more wanton and more heartless, or a character combining more numerous elements of infamy and dishonour. The fundamental truth that the same act can never be at once venal for a man to demand and infamous for a woman to accord has not passed into the popular sentiment of Christendom.

The result of such indifference to fundamental truth is the evolution of such creatures as this man Woolley, the counter-jumper's version of the Lovelace and Lothario of our literature.

Paley summed up the subject long ago when he said:—

> Upon the whole, if we pursue the effects of seduction through the complicated misery which it occasions, and if it be right to extenuate crimes by the mischief they knowingly produce, it will appear something more than mere invective to assert that not one half of the crimes for which men suffer death by the law of England are so flagitious as this.

We have changed our laws since Paley wrote, but his dictum still holds good. But then Paley was a moral philosopher, Edgar Woolley only an immoral shop-walker.

V.

Grace Young had been kept at school until she was fifteen. Her character was excellent. After leaving school she attended the Bible-class taught by the clergyman's wife; and although she was never distinguished by any great brilliance or originality, she was always recognized as a painstaking,

honest, good girl. No one ever alleged anything against her character. She was never known to be out at night, or accused of behaviour unbecoming a respectable family. As might be imagined, her father, haunted by the memory of his mother's fall, watched over her with jealous eye. If she had ever to be out after dark, he accompanied her, and she was never allowed, even if she had desired it, to attend any questionable place of amusement. After leaving school, Grace went as nurse-girl to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Woolley, drapers in a fairly prosperous way of business in High-street, Merton. After a time, finding that she gave satisfaction to her mistress, her father thought that they might do better for her than bring her up to "service." She had received a good education, she had a pleasant address; and it was agreed that she should go into the shop as an apprentice for two years for board and lodging. The sacrifice even of the weekly 1*s.* 6*d.*, which she had received in service was not a trifle; for the father had but broken time at his trade, and during her apprenticeship she had to be clothed at the expense of her parents, as she earned no wages. But for Grace's sake the effort was made, as they hoped it would turn out for her subsequent advantage; and the little household in Gladstone-terrace contentedly submitted to the economies without which their girl could not have had the chance of improving herself. Her employer seems to have been kind and considerate, and everything would have gone well but for the presence in the shop as manager of his brother Edgar. This man had been discharged from Peter Robinson's, and was taken in by his brother, whose business compelled him often to leave the shop in his charge. After they had been there a year he presumed upon his position to indulge in familiarities which were resented; and then set in a course of continual sap and mine of the girl's character, culminating in her ruin.

Sir Arthur Helps compares the meanness of such an offence with that of cheating a child at cards. Down to the very last the girl never adequately realized the gravity or significance of her fall. She yielded, as many have done before, to the constant importunity of a man who was much older than herself, and who stood in the place of her employer.

What made the matter much worse was that at the time Grace was beginning to keep company with a respectable young man who hoped to make her his wife, while her betrayer was engaged to be married to a girl who loved him to distraction in a village in Kent. Nothing was known of his engagement. He professed himself free to marry her if trouble ensued; and she, hoping that there was nothing in it, and never adequately realizing what had happened, looked forward to the prospect of marrying the young fellow who was paying her his respects, with the hearty approval of her parents. Her apprenticeship was over, and there seemed every prospect that she would in a year or two be happily married to a husband well able to provide for her. Her lover, like her parents, trusted her implicitly; and when after a while she began to grow pale and unwell, they attributed it to every cause but the true one. Her mother, whose sister had died of consumption, thought she saw the symptoms of incipient decline, and with tender solicitude she spent a great part of her scanty earnings—for, when work failed her husband, she went out to work where she could get it, rejoicing that she was able to earn half-a-crown with which to buy nourishing food or strengthening wine to avert the disease which seemed to be hovering over her only daughter. Grace herself had no idea what was the matter with her, and the shadow of the coming trouble never darkened the blithe gladness of her heart. She was young, she was in love, and was loved again. Life seemed bright before her. As for this ailment, it would pass, as others had done, if she followed the doctor's advice and took his medicine.

But finding that Grace grew worse, her mother took her to the doctor once more; and this time, to their horror, they learned the truth. They were aghast. But they were perhaps not more so than were the parents of that other girl in Kent to whom Edgar Woolley was engaged, when about the same time she was told by an eminent physician in Harley-street that in a few months more she also might expect to become a mother.

VI.

The girl's distracted mother went to Ted Woolley in hot haste. He met her coolly. Her visit bored him. What could he do with her daughter. He was married already. How could he marry Grace? It was impossible. What then would he do? Nothing, he replied—do the best you can. With a heavy heart Mrs. Young returned home to break the news to her husband.

When a soldier in the stricken field, dreaming of his distant home and his little ones kneeling around their mother's knee, is roused by the sudden roar of the cannonade of the victorious and pursuing foe, the awakening is not more cruel than that which befell James Young. Of late years the spectre that had made miserable his early life seemed to have been laid. He had rejoiced in the peace and happiness of his home, and in his pride in his only daughter he had almost forgotten his mother's shame. And now! The grim spectre had blasted with his touch the fair young girl whose innocence had brought back gladness to his life. He was as one distracted.

Night came, but it brought no sleep. All through the dark hours his wife heard him moaning to himself—"My poor girl, my poor girl! What can I do?" Next day at work his mate noticed that he was sullen and distraught, silent, and full of unuttered because unutterable thoughts. His wife again sought out the man who had ruined her daughter, and again was repulsed. Why did she come to trouble him?—he could do nothing, and he turned on his heel and left her in despair.

James Young, brooding savagely over the doom that had overtaken him, saw only one ray of light. Perhaps the fellow had lied, and was not married to the Kentish girl. If not, then, so help him God, he would make him atone for the wrong he had done to his daughter. With this forlorn hope, growing like a flickering spark of life in his heart, he went off to the village where Woolley said his wife lived. He soon discovered that he had no wife. A victim there was; a child there soon would be; but, so far as the law went, Woolley was free to marry Grace. But when the father saw the dismay of the other parents, and heard the wail of anguish that burst from the lips of the other girl, he for the moment half forgot his own sorrow in sympathy for their grief. Still, he reflected, he owed the first duty to his own child; and, come what might, his daughter should be made an honest woman. After he got back his wife made one last despairing appeal. Edgar Woolley flushed a little at hearing that his other victim had learnt of his faithlessness, and after some hesitation promised to spend 50*s.* in baby-clothes. More than that he would not do. The responsibilities of paternity he deemed would be fully discharged thereby. Grace came back with her mother, and stood for the first time in the presence of her father since her condition was known. He burst out into passionate reproach. She had disgraced her family. She had ruined her life. Never, oh never, could he love her as he had done before. And the girl, who had borne up under the shock of the discovery and had but dazedly realized what awaited her in the near future, broke down utterly now. Not the shame of her situation, not the approaching agony of pain and peril of life, but the loss of her father's love—that was the heaviest blow of all. Her father left her in wrath, and she went away in tears.

VII.

That night James Young never slept. He lay down, but tossed restlessly about, muttering of his daughter's ruin, or fretting himself by the eternal question "What could he do?" What indeed? There was the fact. God himself could not undo that. And in the next month or two the baby would come, branded, as he had been, as the base-born child of a fallen woman. As he tossed and fretted, a thought which had occurred to him before took more definite shape. At any cost the fellow must be made to marry the girl. But how? He was deaf to her mother's entreaties. What other means remained? Only one. He might yield to fear what he had refused to pity and to justice. And as he further reflected over this last chance, he remembered that downstairs in the little bookcase there was a revolver. He had bought it eighteen months before to scare the birds from the peas in his garden. He had bought it because a revolver is the cheapest shooting-iron to be had in the market. Many an afternoon when work was slack he had blazed away at the sparrows, without ever hitting a single bird. But it had scared them away. Perhaps it might frighten Edgar Woolley into doing his duty by his daughter! There was a fascination in the idea. As he turned it over, it began to possess him, until he could think of nothing else. He would not fire it. He would only level it at the scoundrel's head. Perhaps that would suffice.

He got up early, and took the revolver out of the case. Three barrels were loaded. A fierce passion of hope seized him as he grasped the weapon and let himself out of the house. It was the 1st of September, and the clock had just struck seven. His daughter would be saved the disgrace of being a mother before she was a "missus." His grandchild at least should be able to call itself by the name of its father. If she never saw her husband after the ceremony was performed it was enough. As a drowning man clutches at a straw which he thinks may save him from imminent death, so he grasped the revolver—his last resource, his only hope.

He knocked at the door of Mr. Woolley's establishment, and was admitted. He asked for Edgar Woolley. The fellow came to the door, and stood face to face with the outraged father. In a voice that was trembling with suppressed emotion, Young said, "You know what you've done for my daughter." "Yes," replied Woolley, sullenly. "Do you intend to marry her, to save her from disgrace?" His voice was rising, and his hand as he spoke was tightening on the butt of the revolver. "I can't," said Woolley, somewhat flippantly. Again, with grimmer emphasis, he repeated the question, "Do you intend to marry my daughter?" Woolley, with forced coolness, again said, "I can't." Young burst out, "You're not married at the other place, because I've been there. You mean to say you won't marry her, then?" "No," replied Woolley, doggedly. Instantly the father, hardly knowing what he was doing, drew the revolver, and fired a shot at random down the passage. Grace, hearing the shot, ran down to the top of the landing crying, "Father!" "Go upstairs, Grace, and go home, presently," he said, in excited tones. Woolley was retreating up the steps when Young fired again, as a parting shot, and turned from the door. His last hope had failed him. He did not think he had hit Woolley. He did not stay to see, but went off to his work, hardly knowing what had happened, but not for a moment believing that he had hurt the fellow.

As a matter of fact the bullet had struck Woolley in the left thigh, inflicting a trivial wound. Grace heard Woolley exclaim, "That's got me," and then she saw him limp upstairs. He whistled as he limped, and went to his own room. Three-quarters of an hour after, Dr. Powell was called in, and Woolley was removed to Guy's Hospital, where he remains to this day.

VIII.

So little did James Young imagine that he had done anything serious that he finished his morning's work, drew his wages, and was walking home, when a workman casually observed that there had been strange

doings in Merton that morning. "Indeed," said he, absently, "what about?" "Oh," said his mate, "a man has been shot." Young started. It was the first time he realized what he had done. Buying the *Echo* he saw a report of what had happened, and foresaw that he was in for trouble. Instead of going home he turned back and went to Clapham. There he made up his revolver into a parcel and flung it into the pond on the Common. There was one chamber still loaded. With it he threw the remaining cartridges, and then bethought himself of what he should do. One thought oppressed him. Last night he had spoken hotly to his daughter, perhaps unkindly. Poor child! whatever her sin, had she not suffered enough, and was still to suffer, from others without her own father adding to her sorrows? The thought haunted him, and he turned into a coffee-shop and wrote a letter to Grace, full of sorrow at his apparent harshness and overflowing with love and sympathy for the sorely-tried girl.

Then away, away into the maze of streets of the great city, where he might have been wandering now, without much chance of arrest, had not his strong home instincts forbidden him to leave his wife and family without knowledge of his existence. The police knew this, and stationed detectives round his house—waiting patiently for his return. Meanwhile his daughter had been packed off from Woolley's establishment to her mother, and the girl from Kent had been having a terrible scene with Woolley in the hospital. The very day before he was shot he had been at Holborn Town Hall inquiring about the facilities for marrying her at a registrar's. Now everything was upset. The girl's father was very ill. The girl herself passed from one fainting fit to another. The mother, who had always distrusted Woolley, saw with despair her worst forebodings come true.

IX.

Saturday night Young slept at a lodging-house. All Sunday he wandered about with a strange, uncomfortable sensation that for the first time in his life he was wanted by the police. Sunday night he slept at another lodging-house. Monday passed the same way, and still he remained away from home. Not till Tuesday night did the impulse to return and see his wife and cheer her up become uncontrollable. He knew that the police would be waiting for him, but that could not be helped. He could not bear this agonizing suspense. So, late at night, he came back. He saw the policeman at the door and he could have fled. But he went in. In another moment he was under arrest. A hurried leave-taking at the garden gate from his wife, his daughter, and his little son, and then he was marched off like a felon to the police-station.

Next day, Wednesday, September 5, he was brought up at Wandsworth police-court. It was a painful moment when poor Grace was placed in the witness-box to give evidence against her own father. She broke down utterly towards the close of her evidence, and left the box sobbing loudly. As Woolley was too ill to appear the case was remanded. Young, who was without means, for the last two years had broken into the savings of more prosperous times, had no lawyer to defend him or to ask for bail. He was carted off to Holloway Prison on remand for a week. His wife saw him there once, on the usual conditions—conditions which are to the last degree discreditable to our prison system—conditions under which conversation is almost impossible, and confidences impossible. The following letter written from gaol to his wife tells its own story:—

From James Young, H.M. Prison, Holloway, Friday.

My darling Wife,—I cannot forget the sight of your poor faces. My dear love, do write at once and tell me how you are getting on. I want to know if Alf has taken pity on you. Has your sister Polly seen you, or are you alone in your trouble? Have you seen my mother, and has she told my father of this? he might be inclined to help you; but I cannot hope that he would help me. It would be better, perhaps, if I had skilled defence, but we have no means to get it, so I will do my best myself. My dear, it is dreadful for the poor girl as well as you; tell her how I love her and hope she will be a happy woman yet, and forget all this; and poor little Erny—God bless him! he is a good boy, and I know he will be a good son to you; and lastly Edwin, I am afraid has thought me harsh, but I have ever sought your welfare; I am afraid you feel the disgrace much. I should not move out of that house yet; if you write don't say anything about my case, but only tell me about yourselves and dog Tiny. With love to you all, from husband and father, who would die for you,—JIM.

If you see me next week don't be surprised: If it was near you could see me any morning at ten, but I would not have you come all this way, so don't think of it. Once more, good bye, and may God find friends to help you. I think of you constantly, my books, and garden. Tell Edwin, poor boy, he must garden now if you keep it.

His prayer was not unanswered. A gentleman, reading a brief reference to the case in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sent £5 to be devoted to the maintenance of the family, and a lady sent the same sum to be devoted to his defence. When the case came on last Wednesday at Wandsworth Mr. W. A. Colyer, of 41, Wych-street, appeared for Mr. Young, and as Woolley was still unable to appear, there was another remand. Bail, however, was accepted, and Mr. Young has spent the week with his family. He will again appear before the magistrate to-morrow, when it is expected that Edgar Woolley will be well enough to appear in the witness-box.

There will be few who have followed the story of this simple but pathetic tragedy in humble life who will not feel that morally Woolley deserves to be in the dock far more than the unfortunate father whose home he has blighted. The case will probably be sent for trial at the Old Bailey, when Young ought to be provided with the best legal assistance which money can procure. That, however, will depend upon the support which the public extends to the Defence Fund, subscriptions to which we shall acknowledge in our columns.

*THE NILE CAMPAIGN AGAIN.**

COUNT GLEICHEN apologizes for the tardy appearance of his book, three years after the ending of the campaign. Most people, he fears, have forgotten all about the matter. The fear is needless. We have not forgotten or forgiven. Only he must not confound all "the Radicals" in one general accusation of having been slow to act and half-hearted in acting. If some "Radicals" had had their way, the catastrophe of Khartoum might never have happened.

The book is a cheery story of adventure, full of high spirits, showing on occasion good sense and good feeling, and without an unkindly word from beginning to end, except, indeed, some quite pardonable expressions of wrath against those whose want of decision made the whole business a failure. And, of course, this sense of impending failure takes away much of the pleasure that one would feel in the narrative. It is as bad, nay, it is far worse, for all is so dismally true, than reading a story which we know is going to have a bad end. It is lamentable to remember that these brave fellows, going in their hopeful, light-hearted courage to rescue the great English hero, were doomed to come too late, and, what is so inexpressibly painful, only just too late. It is curious, by the way, to find that Gordon himself, doubtless for the best of reasons, had stopped in 1879 a work which would have made his relief in 1884 an easy matter. Ismail began a railway which was to go to Khartoum! "If," says our author, "it had only been continued as far as Dongola, what a different ending there would have been to the expedition!" Compared with the grand mistake of starting the expedition too late, everything else seems of little importance. Yet, surely, it was absurd to send out a rapid-firing gun with only just enough ammunition to keep it supplied for ten minutes.

The Camel Corps consisted of three regiments, formed respectively from the Heavy Cavalry, the Guards (to which Count Gleichen belonged), and the Mounted Infantry. The Guards were left to protect the wells at Gakdul. Our author gives a picturesque description of this curious place, and of the Guards' garrison duty while holding it. He describes the building of the forts, and claims, with pardonable pride, that only Guards and Marines—he is very enthusiastic about the Marines—could have built them so quickly. On January 13 the Guards Corps started with the column for the final effort to relieve Khartoum, four hundred men of the Sussex Regiment relieving them of their duty at Gakdul. Four days afterwards came the fight at Abu Klea. Our author gives a vivid description of the battle. The actual charge of the Arabs which broke one side of the square he did not see; but it was, as he says, "a gruesome sight" that met his eyes when he forced his way through the press, and he saw "the Arabs in desperate hand-to-hand fight with our men, hacking, hewing, hamstringing, and yelling like a crowd of black devils on a ground literally piled up with dead and dying." He relates with natural pride how the stanchness of the Guards had much to do with saving the day. At Abu Kru Count Gleichen was hit by a ricochet bullet, and had an opportunity, happily not attended by ill effects, of feeling what it is to be "severely wounded." Then came the dismal news that all was over. Count Gleichen gives, without any effort at fine writing, a lively picture of the Nile campaign, and illustrates his descriptions by some drawings which are equally unpretending and effective.

A POSSIBLE NEW PLAY BY SHAKSPERE.

MR. RICHARD SAVAGE, the Secretary and Librarian of Shakspere's Birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, has jus. published, at Simpkin and Marshall's, the most curious and interesting Shakspere find that has been discovered for a long time. This is "Shaksperean Extracts from Edward Pudsey's Booke, temp. Q. Elizab. and K. James." If Edward Pudsey—Shakspere's contemporary—and Mr. Savage are right, we have now six extracts from a hitherto unknown play of Shakspere's, "Irus" by name, and here they are:—

HUMOR.—The faultes of many are bueried in their humour.

DRINKING TO ONE.—To drinke to one is meant what health the wyne doth worke, shalbe employed to their comend and proper use. this ye first intent of drinking t one. Yor hart is greater then yor person. Dearer thon ye pomegranet of my ey. Coming out of his moueables.

ANGER.—An angry man ys lyke one that is troubled wth ye gowt so tender that he cryes out before hee bee toucht.

But surely the first two extracts and the last are more likely from a book of essays than a play. We confess that we do not see Shakspere's hand in these "Irus" extracts. Be that as it may, Edward Pudsey's Booke contains, other extracts from the "Merchant of Venice," "Titus Andronicus," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Hamlet," sometimes in the words of one of their Quartos or Folio, sometimes with variations, which Mr. Savage suggests may be due to Shakspere's own hand. Anyway the "Booke" is almost the only one of its kind; it comes from a neighbour of the Ardens of Park Hall in Shakspere's time; it is of the highest interest to all students of Shakspere's text, and we congratulate Mr. Savage on being the first to give its contents to the world. Why he, the Stratford men, the authorities of the British Museum, &c., allowed this unique MS. to be sold to a private buyer at Sotheby's this summer for £9, is best known to the persons themselves. The MS. ought certainly to be in the British or the Stratford Museum.

* "With the Camel Corps up the Nile." By Count Gleichen. Second Edition. (London: Chapman and Hall. 1888.)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The Attorney-General ought to be feeling very uncomfortable this morning. Never was any man so conspicuous by absence as was he yesterday. It is a scandalous thing that he should have accepted a brief in the Parnell case at all. No amount of verbal jugglery or moral casuistry can conceal the fact that the functions of member of an Administration which professes to be neutral in the case and of counsel for one of the parties are inconsistent. The right of an Attorney-General to private practice should certainly not cover practice in a political suit which is promoted by the Government, but in which they profess absolute impartiality.

But as the Attorney-General has sacrificed the public interest, he should at any rate have served his private employers. *Si peccas, pecca fortiter.* As a matter of fact, however, he accepted a brief, but did not discharge his duties. The figure cut by Mr. Graham, the junior counsel for the *Times*, in standing up for his leader, was pitiable in the extreme. One can hardly read the report of Mr. Justice Hannen's merciless cross-questioning without wincing. "We make no allegations," said Mr. Graham. "Then who," asked the judge, "did?" Why, the Attorney-General, of course, the man who was "absent from town." The legal profession is nothing if not euphemistic. In the army they call such absence "desertion."

We are glad to see that the stipendiary at Swansea has shown that he will tolerate no interference with liberty of speech—even when it is claimed by Mormons. A Mormon apostle having been held up to public opprobrium by an apostate brother, the mob broke the windows of his house. Thereupon the stipendiary bound the apostate Mormon over to keep the peace for three months, remarking that "Jews, Turks, or Persians"—a curious list—had a right to protection, so long as they preached or practised nothing against the laws of the realm. This is sound doctrine. In the good time coming even policemen will not be allowed to break the heads of the preachers of unpopular doctrines, and even now that is a luxury which no constables are allowed outside London.

The foreman of the jury at the Buck's-row inquest yesterday declared his conviction that, "if the victims had been rich instead of poor, a large reward would have been offered." The police were much shocked at this statement, and the coroner told the foreman that "he had no right" to make it. But, right or wrong, the foreman was only giving expression to what is a very wide-spread belief. Ask any man in the street, or any woman in the kitchen, and that is what they will say: the murders would not have been taken so calmly—(and of "the first murder, which," said the coroner himself, "was the most horrible of all, no notice was taken")—had the scene of them been Mayfair instead of Whitechapel. It may be very shocking that people should thus suspect the law and the police of being respecters of persons. But unquestionably the suspicion exists; and, that being so, the jury did well to let the authorities know it.

But we understand that the resources of the detective department at Scotland-yard are by no means yet exhausted. The following is a proclamation which, it is said, will be issued immediately, and which, it is hoped, will in the future largely diminish the number of undetected murders:—

> I, Charles Warren, hereby give notice that from and after this date, all loyal subjects are required, with the view of aiding the police in the discovery of crime, to leave on the body of any person they may have murdered their engraved or printed address card, or failing this, a paper with full name and address legibly written. Constables will be in attendance night and day at all police-stations to receive murderers desiring to give themselves up. A list of the stations may be had on application.
>
> Scotland-yard, September —, 1888.

The resignation of the gas manager at Halifax, which we reported the other day, will not terminate the case with respect to the corrupt practices which are alleged. We are informed that an indemnity will now be given to Mr. Fox by the corporation, and that three names will be mentioned as those of participators in the corrupt practices, either or all of whom may, if they are so disposed, raise an action for libel against their accuser. If Mr. Fox succeeds in making good his charges, the corporation will reimburse his costs, but not if he fails. One of the three accused parties is said to be a member of the gas committee. The people of Halifax are apparently determined to get at the bottom of the affair.

The statistics of Russian trade for the half-year ending June 30 fully bear out the report which our Commissioner brought home as to the great revival in business in that country. Exports have gone up from 237,000,000 roubles in the first half of 1887 to 348,000,000 roubles in that of 1888—an increase of nearly 50 per cent. Imports have only increased from 134,500,000 roubles to 144,000,000 roubles—9,500,000 roubles, or 7½ per cent. The railway earnings have gone up 8 millions in the six months—an increase of nearly 7 per cent. "Never have they had so good a year." The rouble has risen in value, so that a pound sterling can only buy 9.60 now, whereas in March it could buy 12.50—a rise from about 18*d.* to over 24*d.* in less than six months. Russia has still to reap the advantage of the best harvest in Europe, which she is garnering this year. Altogether M. Wischenegradsky deserves congratulation on the prospect before him.

One thing M. Wischenegradsky cannot be congratulated upon, and that is his political economy. After pointing out that Russia's exports for the six months amounted to 348 million roubles, while her imports were only 134 millions, he says, complacently, that the balance in favour of Russia is 204 million roubles. If M. Wischenegradsky were to exchange a horse valued at 348 roubles for a carriage valued at 204, he would hardly say that there was a balance in his favour of 148 roubles. The balance is in reality the other way. Russia is paying off her debts by her exports. It is a good thing to do, but the idea that the balance of exports over imports is in favour of the exporting State is one of the most puerile delusions of the ignoramus in political economy.

We regret to see from the *Times* correspondence from St. Petersburg that the Russian Government is still reluctant to issue return tickets for Samarcand. They have given a point-blank refusal to two Swiss citizens and one Italian officer who wished to travel to Central Asia by rail; and they have made a great deal of bother about passing the English members of the proposed French excursion to the tomb of Tamerlane. This is surely very stupid. Russia has all to gain and nothing to lose by letting loose a flood of Cook's tourists in Central Asia. The possibility of such a thing is one of the proudest trophies which Russia can boast. Why should she not be glad to welcome as many people as possible to witness the reality of her triumph?

Religious liberty, as it is understood in Austria, seems to differ very little from religious persecution. The Governor of Bohemia has just decided that no subject of the Emperor is to be allowed to attend a Protestant service unless he is already a member of the Protestant Church. As this is a shade worse than the persecuting policy of M. Pobedonestzeff, it is probable that the Emperor-King will overrule his Bohemian governor. In any case, the secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance do well to turn the bull's-eye of the public opinion of civilization upon this reactionary bit of bigotry in the dominion of our good friend and ally.

The day will come, prophesies Don Carlos, when the Princes of my family who have recognized the triumphant usurper will bless my memory. Perhaps, if they live long enough. When Don Carlos is a memory *et præterea nihil*, they may bless him. But not till then. As long he is a palpable living entity they are much more likely to indulge in maledictions than in benedictions.

The geologists of the world, in international congress assembled, have arrived, it seems, at a general agreement both upon stratigraphical and upon chronological terms. Thus "era" is in future to correspond to "group"; "period" to "system" and "epoch" to "series." Some future congress will agree, perhaps, on the length of time which is approximately to be understood by each of these terms; and we shall all be saying to ourselves how much wiser we are than the ignorant people who wrote and the foolish people who believed, about the "days" of Genesis.

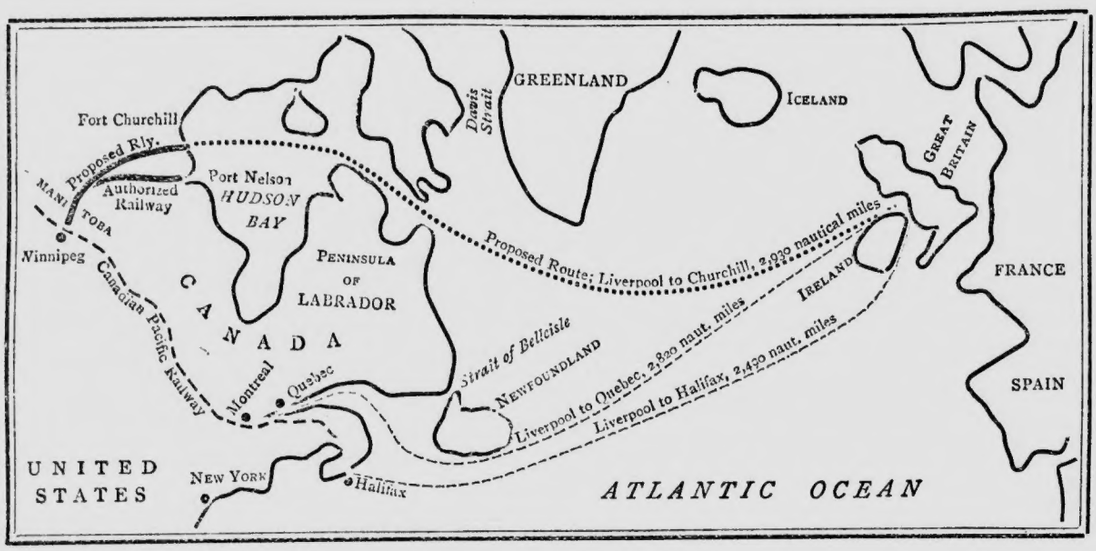
Meanwhile, it may be interesting to recall that just as many of the latest "triumphs of science" are only the verification of guesses made by writers centuries ago, so the very newest results of scepticism are only revivals of doubts entertained by the Fathers of the Church. Then if the atomic

theory is as old as Lucretius and evolution as old as Aristotle, geological epochs are as old as St. Augustine. A day has no meaning St. Augustine points out, except in relation to the sun; and the sun was not created till the fourth day. Therefore, he argued, the days of Genesis cannot have meant solar days, and presumably meant only an orderly sequence. So a correspondent of the *Athenæum* has been pointing out. It will probably surprise most of the orthodox, and disappoint some of the sceptics, to find that "the reconciliation of science and religion" in this matter is as old, and as respectable, as St. Augustine.

TO MANITOBA BY SEA.

IT is a strange coincidence at least, and of the highest interest as affording another proof of the existence of a spirit of enterprise in England to-day as keen and as practical as that which animated the navigators of the sixteenth century, that at the very time when Captain Wiggins and his comrades are making their way into the Kara Sea others should be endeavouring to establish a route to the great corn lands of Manitoba through Hudson's Straits. The objects are very similar and the difficulties that have to be faced the same, while in both cases the gain to commerce promises to be very large. To open up new fields for British enterprise and British capital is the aim alike of the *Labrador* and of the *Alert*; it is the Ice Demon that bars the way through the Iron Gates as through Hudson's Straits; steam and science, perseverance and daring, are, alike in the east and in the west of the Arctic world, the good fairies by whom his attempts are to be baffled and his realm conquered.

The current number of the Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society contains a report of a most important paper by Commodore A. H. Markham, together with the discussion that it provoked at a recent meeting of the Society. The accompanying map shows what was the problem that had to be solved, how to open up a sea route between Great Britain and the vast grain-producing districts of Manitoba and the North-West Territory of Canada. The fact that last season no less than sixteen million bushels were produced in these regions is sufficient by itself to show the vast importance of devising a cheap and easy means of transporting the surplus produce of Canada to these densely-populated and hungry islands. But this is by no means all. We learn on the very highest authority that of the undeveloped wheatfields of North America no less than three-fourths are north of the boundary line which divides Canada from the States. The rapidly-increasing population of the United States will, it is estimated, at no very distant date require all the grain produced within its boundaries, and it is to Canada that England will have to look to supply her with bread-stuffs. At present the chief outlet from the great Manitoban granary is by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Montreal or Quebec, and from thence by oceansteamers to England; the other outlet being through the great lakes to the straits of Belle Isle. Both these routes involve transhipment, always an expensive process, and, in Sir Charles Tupper's opinion, the development of the territory will soon tax the resources of the Pacific Railway Company far beyond their capacity. In the present relations between Canada and the States we can hardly look for any assistance from our American neighbours in carrying Canadian grain to England. The problem then was to discover a route at once shorter and cheaper than either of the two existing ones, and such a route, there is every reason to believe, has been discovered through Hudson's Straits.



The cheapness of a sea route as compared with a land route needs no demonstration, but probably even professed geographers will be astonished to learn that the line of communication viâ Hudson's Straits will bring Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, 1,100 miles nearer to this country than by the route viâ New York. All that is required is that the proposed new route should be shown to involve no great dangers, and that it should be open for three or four months at least in the year. In addition, it would be necessary to construct a railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay. This might be effected by making use of the great Lake Winnipeg and building a line from its northern extremity to Fort Churchill or to York Factory, on the shores of Hudson's Bay; but should the route prove a success, there can be little doubt that before long it would be found more desirable to connect the capital of Manitoba with Hudson's Bay by a continuous railway, skirting the western side of the Lake. The route viâ Lake Winnipeg would only involve the construction of a line about 275 miles long, while the whole distance from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay is some 700 miles. To encourage the building of the line the Canadian Government is willing to devote no less than 7,000,000 acres of land for subsidizing a railway from Winnipeg to Fort Churchill, and most probably a proportionate grant would be made if it were decided to commence with the shorter line.

But, after all, the real questions are whether it is possible to ensure a fairly safe passage for the grain-laden ships through Hudson's Straits, and how far Hudson's Bay, the Mediterranean of North America, can be regarded as navigable. If these questions are answered satisfactorily, it will not be long before capital is found for constructing one or other of the railways mentioned above. Commodore Markham, whose name is sufficient to carry the greatest authority, unhesitatingly answers both these questions in the affirmative, and he gives reasons for his opinions which ought to convince the most sceptical. He has carefully examined all the objections put forward by opponents of the route, he has collected and reviewed all former experience, he has himself sailed over and explored the route, he has had the advice and assistance of well-qualified men, and his conclusions were heartily endorsed at the Geographical Society's meeting not only by a practical statesman in the person of Sir Charles Tupper, but by such experts as Mr. Shelford and Mr. C. S. Drummond. He admits that for such a service as he describes experienced men would have to be employed, and vessels specially constructed to resist ordinary ice pressure, and able to steam from ten to twelve knots an hour at least. But these are not very formidable demands, and are no more than Captain Wiggins has made for his Siberian enterprise.

Mr. Markham is able to show from the official records of the Hudson's Bay Company that ships have passed safely through the Straits and reached Moose Factory on the southern shores of the bay every year since 1735, with one exception, in 1779. The same records prove that the percentage of losses by shipwreck among the vessels employed in Hudson's Bay is far less than in a like number of ships engaged in ocean traffic. "Since the keel of Hudson's good ship the *Discovery* ploughed the waters of the Strait, the passage has been made over 500 times, while the losses due to the ice might be summed up on the fingers of one hand." Nor must it be forgotten that the vessels hitherto used have been sailing ships, while it would be a poor compliment indeed to steam and modern naval science if we could not accomplish at least as much as did Hudson and Baffin two hundred and seventy years ago. "A channel which has been navigated" since their days, "first by the frail little fly-boats of the seventeenth century, then by the bluff-bowed, slow-sailing, exploring vessels of Parry's days, and for a long period by the Hudson's Bay Company's ships, cannot be very formidable, and if sailing ships can annually pass through it, *a fortiori* steamers will find less difficulty in doing so." To take only one point, it is well known that the most advantageous time for pushing through a sea full of ice-floes and ice-packs is in calm weather, when the ice is loose, but a sailing ship is just then, of course, immoveable, whereas a steamer can made good way, provided it is powerful enough to resist the pressure of the ice through which it passes. The average time taken by a sailing vessel in getting through the Straits is sixteen days, but it is impossible to say how greatly this period may be abridged by the use of steam, which has completely revolutionized Arctic navigation.

This is the true North-west passage. It has been proved that it can be done, and England will do it. The distance between England and her great grain-producing colony will be shortened by nearly one-half, the cost of conveyance will be more than diminished in the same proportion. It has been estimated, and the estimate is certainly not above the mark, that at least five shillings will be saved upon every quarter of grain sent for shipment by this route; and besides this we have to take into account the immense development of our trade with Manitoba which will most certainly ensue. Is not then the opening-up of this new highway from one part of the Empire to the other worthy of ranking among the greatest achievements of nineteenth-century enterprise?

F.R.G.S.

SOME FAMOUS LONDON TALKERS.

MR. SMALLEY has followed up his article on Mr. Gladstone as a Talker, which we reproduced the other day, with some "further notes on conversation, and on the custom of particular coteries" in London. He says:—

MR. BROWNING NOT AN "ACROSS COUNTRY TALKER."

Mr. Browning is not quite three years younger than Mr. Gladstone, and, like the statesman, the poet has the secret of perpetual youth. If you inquire in different companies you will hear different accounts of Mr. Browning as a talker. He is the opposite of Mr. Gladstone in this: that he allows his conversation to be influenced by the company. The statesman takes his own line across country. The poet will now and then amble through gates, and wait for a lead over a gap in a hedge, and even go round by the public highway. He is capable of talking as long and with as much energy on that truly British subject, the weather, as the most unimaginative of Philistines.

"FIT AUDIENCE FIND, THOUGH FEW."

For his best talk he wants a fit audience. The audience may consist of only one, but the one must be appreciative. Other things being equal, he prefers, I fancy, more than one. Mr. Browning is, unlike Lord Tennyson, a diner-out. Lord Tennyson is a recluse; seldom to be met in a London drawing-room. Hardly anybody is to be met oftener than Mr. Browning. Student, thinker, hard worker as he is, he contrives to be a man of the world also. It depends on his host or hostess, or on their guest, in what character he appears. Their evening may be spent with Browning the poet or with Browning the metaphysician—some people say they find it hard in reading him to separate these two—or with Browning the man of letters, of music, of art, or, finally, with Browning, the man of the world. They have, however, at least one thing in common—these various Brownings: each of them is a remarkable talker. If you have the good luck to meet two of them, or even all of them, you may ponder a little over the problem of psychological identity. They are all alike in possessing a wonderful memory; one of those memories which seem to do their work without any volition on the part of their owner; a memory on which things engrave themselves as deep as on tablets of brass, but with the rapidity and natural ease of a photographic impression. Mr. Browning is a mine of knowledge; knows with minute accuracy the history of literature, of art, of music, of many other things; and knows by heart, I should think, all the verse that has ever been written. You will hear him, when he is in the mood, pour out quotations without number of verses by poets without name or fame. If you are lucky enough to hear him recite some of his own you will at once perceive how futile is the work of the commentator and expounder. The only commentator Browning needs is Browning.

THE FINISH OF LORD GRANVILLE.

It would be easy to single out many other men of the day whose conversation is remarkable in one way or another. There is Lord Granville; he too has a hold on the past and on the present, nor is there a better example of that elegant suavity of style which never becomes common, and is certainly less common now than it was. He has a finish of manner which is more French than English, a turn of the phrase, too, both in public and in private speaking, to the neatness of which but few of his countrymen attain; and with all this a sense of delicate humour which is just as English as the other quality is French. Mr. Kinglake has almost withdrawn from social life, but there was a time when he and Lord Granville might have been almost bracketed together.

THE SHIBBOLETHS OF THE SETS.

The great increase in the number of those who, in one sense or another, may be said to belong to London society has had the effect of splitting society into sets. It becomes difficult, therefore, to generalize, whether about society or about the conversation of society. If there be anything true of all sets, it is that each has certain shibboleths of its own. Each speaks a language of its own, or, at least, has its own topics, as well as topics which are more or less common to all. Nothing is more characteristic of society than that it takes so much for granted, but each coterie takes different things for granted; has a different slang, if such a word may be applied to the talk of those who dwell in these celestial regions.

"SHOP."

There are certain kinds of "shop" which men and women permit themselves to talk. They tacitly assume that everybody else present knows all about their subject, or ought to know. If you do not know, so much the worse for you. Strong instances might be cited. There came to London some years ago a lady from Germany who had just married an English nobleman. She was well received; every effort was made by his relatives and friends to do honour to the bride. She was asked by one of them to dine. The party made for her comprised an English lady of greater rank than her own, whom the host took in to dinner. The German lady sat on his left: next her on the other side was a young English lord whose ideas of life are confined to steeplechasing; opposite her was a well-known man about town: capable only of such talk as flourishes in his own set, a very distinguished and entirely frivolous one. The talk during dinner was led by the English countess who went in with the host; a woman with a subject of her own—"shop," in fact. She talked extremely well and the dinner was brilliant, but from the beginning of it till the hostess rose there was not an opening for the German bride. She was altogether "out of it," sat silent, perfectly composed, and made no effort to force her way into the conversation. This will serve, as well as any other example, to show how exclusive good society may be toward those who are admitted into it. To be in it is one thing; to be of it, quite another.

THE ART OF SILENCE.

It is like a family party; you must know all the relations and all the family history, and all the pet names, and all the incidents of domestic life, before you can be on even terms with the rest. It changes from one year to another; the note changes; last year's key will no more open this year's secret places than last year's argot will pilot you along the Boulevards in Paris. Yes, and in London or anywhere in England among London society, which spends often as much of the year in the country as in London, you want a pilot among the shoals and quicksands far more than in deep water. The art of silence is more subtle than the art of speech. There is a passage in one of Mr. Henry James's novels which is more significant, covers more ground, implies a deeper acquaintance with the English mind than any other single passage I know. An American banker in England and his son are conversing. An Englishman has been with them, and to him the father has addressed an observation of which the son disapproves. "Ah, father," says the son, "you have lived here a long time, and you have learned some of the things they say, but you have not learned the things they do not say."

At Home and Abroad.

Prince Schwarzenberg will be buried on Thursday next in the family vault at Wittingau. A special requiem service will be solemnized for him on Saturday in the Augustin church in Vienna.

In Austrian Government circles it is not expected that the Vatican will take severe measures against Bishop Strossmayer. It is, however, considered hardly probable that the Bishop will escape the censure of the Holy See.

The *Kölnische* hears from St. Petersburg that the Tzar has requested his brother, the Grand Duke Sergius, on his journey to Jerusalem, to visit the Sultan, in order to acquaint him with the Tzar's views concerning Bulgaria.

The Russian fleet in the Black Sea is to leave Sebastopol in a few days for Novorossiisk and Batoum. It is composed of two ironclads, four gunboats, one corvette, two steamers, and five large torpedo-boats.

The *Moscow Gazette* states that the Russian marine in the Caspian is rapidly increasing. It now numbers seventy steamers, besides many sailing vessels. Ten new iron steamboats have been finished in the present year, and one firm of Nijni Novgorod proposes to establish a dockyard on the coast of this sea.

A serious collision has occurred on the Stuttgart and Nördlingen Railway Three persons were killed and several wounded.

The French Budget Committee has reduced the Naval Estimates by 8,000,000 francs. It is not expected that the Minister of Marine will consent to the reduction.

General the Baron Fredericks, the Russian officer who some time ago won the attention of Europe by a speech he made at the unveiling of General Chanzy's statue, received an ovation yesterday at Rouen.

A frightful murder was the night before last perpetrated at Darmstadt. The victim is a poor labourer. The murderer, who shared his room, has already been arrested. The object of the crime was robbery.

Mr. R. De Koven, the American composer, whose first opera, "The Begum," has had great success in the United States is now in Vienna, finishing a new opera, "Don Quixote," which is to be brought out in Vienna next winter.

A despatch from San Francisco states that persons who have recently arrived there from Hawaii declare that Government to be insolvent, and that nothing can prevent their bankruptcy in the near future.

The Archduke Albrecht went yesterday morning to Charlottenberg, to lay a wreath on the Emperor William's coffin. He and the other illustrious guests now in Berlin afterwards went to Potsdam, to visit the Emperor and Empress, the Empress Frederick, and the other members of the Royal family.

Lieutenant Wissmann is in Berlin, and in a few days will go to the Hartz Mountains. He will return in a fortnight, and stay for some time in Europe. It would, therefore, seem that he does not believe in an early departure of the so-called German Emin Relief Expedition.

The Cabinet of M. Christics (Servia) has tendered its resignation, which has been accepted by King Milan. M. Christics will continue to discharge his ministerial functions until the return of the King to Belgrade. It is generally understood that M. Jovan Ristics will be the new Prime Minister.

The appearance of yellow fever at New Orleans is reported from Galveston, where strict measures of quarantine have been ordered against New Orleans. At Jacksonville there were on Sunday nine deaths from the fever and seventy-four new cases.

Thomas Cox was charged yesterday at the Worship-street police-court, on a warrant, with maliciously wounding Police-constable John Murphy, whom he had knocked down with an iron bar and thus enabled a prisoner to escape. He was remanded preparatory to committal.

Walter Heurck, the alleged spy, has asked Maître Robert to defend him. He is a Belgian, and taught English for more than twenty years at Antwerp, and was interpreter of the Civic Guards of Belgium, who went to the Wimbledon rifle match.

The marine painter, Herr Salzmann, who accompanied the German Emperor on his recent voyage to Russia, has received, in recognition of the merits of his picture at this year's Exhibition, the highest distinction for artists—namely, the great gold medal.

A fire broke out on a wharf at Cardiff last evening, where a large quantity of petroleum was stored. The fire raged with great violence, and destroyed two landing-stages and three warehouses, and had not been subdued at the time of the latest report.

Mr. Doyle, a young Dublin builder, travelled on Sunday with a party of friends to St. Kevin's Bed, in county Wicklow. A little child approached the verge of a precipice, and in hurriedly dragging it away, Mr. Doyle overbalanced himself and fell. He cried out that he was not hurt, but on his friends reaching him they found him dead.

Mr. Gladstone drove out yesterday afternoon. The reunion and festival of a mothers' meeting was held at Hawarden yesterday by the invitation of Mrs. Gladstone, and the members were entertained at tea. There were also present in the Park several excursionists from Rhyl, all of whom were invited to tea, and were waited upon by Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and other members of the family.

Don Carlos, in a letter to the Prince de Valori, has issued a manifesto to French Royalists. He expresses his gratitude to those who, in loyal and ardent faith attach themselves to the grandeur of his family, and declares that he is in Spain King of all national liberties, but he will never be the King of a Revolution.

Anglers are enjoying an extraordinarily successful season in North Wales. On the Conway, Major Bennett, Mr. Blackwell, and other gentlemen have been killing five and six salmon daily. A small party caught sixty-eight on the Lledr, while a very large number have been taken on the Conway. It is the best season for many years.

A young man named Charles Percy on Sunday attempted to shoot the Niagara Rapids in a small boat. The boat capsized directly after starting, and Percy was thought to be lost. He, however, rose again, and, skilfully avoiding the obstructions in the way, finally landed safely in the Devil's Pool, having performed a feat never before accomplished.

An inquest was held at Wrenbury yesterday respecting the death of Mr. Henry Hodson, a well-known Cheshire agriculturist. He was engaged in conveying home his last load of corn, when the horse became restive, and he was knocked down under the wheels of the cart, which ran over his body, crushing his chest and heart.

An ex-Mormon called Jarman has been lecturing at the Albert Hall, Swansea, on the alleged cruelties of the Mormon faith. He made use of the name of a man called Williams, a Mormon, the result being that some persons broke Williams's windows for him. Jarman was summoned yesterday, and the magistrate bound him over in £100 to keep the peace.

ATTEMPT TO KILL A BULGARIAN MINISTER.

While M. Natchevitch, Minister of Finance, was travelling a few days ago between Bucharest and Giurgevo, a man named Kisseloff fired several shots at him with a revolver. Six shots, it is said, were fired, and one taking effect in the right breast inflicted a wound that is considered serious. Kisseloff was formerly a clerk in the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agency at Bucharest, and was discharged for misconduct by order of M. Natchevitch, who was then Foreign Secretary. The motive of the crime appears to have been entirely one of personal vengeance. M. Natchevitch is about fifty years old. He was for some time a merchant in Vienna, but from the date when the Principality of Bulgaria was created up to the present time he has been almost continuously in office, either as Cabinet Minister or as Diplomatic Agent abroad. M. Natchevitch, M. Stoiloff, and M. Grekoff are the three leaders of the Conservative party. Less brilliant than his two political friends, M. Natchevitch is the hardest worker of the three, and he also enjoys a great reputation for integrity.

KING MILAN NOBBLING HIS BISHOPS.

An announcement is made from Belgrade which, if true, cannot fail to have a great influence on the issue of the Royal quarrel. This is that Bishop Nikanor, of Tchatchak, member of the Holy Synod, has been forced to resign in favour of the former Deputy, an advocate of the King's cause. This change would secure a majority for King Milan in the Synod, should the case be submitted to that body, instead of to the Ecclesiastical Consistory. All the Servian Bishops are said to have been summoned to Belgrade. The probable object of this is that they may be influenced by the Metropolitan in favour of a divorce.

WHERE IS GENERAL BOULANGER?

General Boulanger's whereabouts is still a puzzle. The caricature of the day has for its letterpress the tune played by three organ-grinders, and for the subject of its cartoon their figures grinding away under the window of "Mdme. la République." She is looking out in a state of fury at the cacophony, and with her hands to her ears. One of the organs which General Boulanger grinds has written on it "Immediate revision;" that of M. Floquet has "Revision when it suits us;" and that of M. Ferry "Revision now or hereafter."

VISIT OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK TO ENGLAND.

Her Majesty's journey to England is postponed for a short time; it will probably take place early in November. On leaving England the Empress Frederick will first return to Berlin, and then go to Italy for the winter. It is stated that Castle Kronberg, in the Taunus Mountains, has been purchased by the Emperor William for half a million marks, for the use of his mother. The Empress Frederick will visit her daughter-in-law, the Princess Irene, at Kiel, towards the end of this month.

FIGHTING AT SUAKIN.

At daybreak yesterday morning the rebels appeared in force before Suakin, coming from the direction of Handoub. Her Majesty's ship *Gannet* opened fire and succeeded in dispersing them. They then occupied a position in the vicinity of the Water forts, and, taking advantage of cover, remained there during the day, keeping up a desultory fire, which the forts returned. One Egyptian was wounded in the Water forts. The number of casualties among the rebels is not known.

TURKISH AGGRESSION OF GREEK SPONGE-FISHERS.

The Athens correspondent of the *Standard* is informed, on the best authority, that orders have just been issued for the Greek fleet to be got ready for proceeding to the Greek Islands of the Ægean Sea subject to the Turkish rule. The demonstration is said to have been decided upon in consequence of the arbitrary proceedings of the Turkish Governor, Kemal Bey, who, for some time past, in contravention of treaties, has distinguished himself by a vexatious and systematic persecution of Greeks engaged in the sponge fishery. On one occasion Kemal Bey directed the seizure of a Greek boat off the island of Kalymnos and confiscation of the cargo. Failing to obtain any redress from the Turkish authorities, the Greek Government have determined to take active measures, with the view of effectively protecting the interests concerned.

POSSIBLE STRIKE OF FRENCH POST OFFICE CLERKS.

The Post Office clerks, who have been showing signs of great discontent for some time past, and have held a number of private meetings to discuss their grievances, sent a deputation to M. Coulon, the Director-General, on Saturday. The main grievance laid before that official was, that promotion went too much by favour. They, therefore, demanded that the last list of candidates selected for promotion be entirely annulled. M. Coulon gave the deputation no satisfaction, and refused, as he said, to be dictated to. The deputation withdrew, greatly dissatisfied, and informed the general body of malcontents of the failure of their mission. A mass meeting of the clerks will probably be held this week at the Cirque d'Hiver; and they are also going to found a club for post and telegraph officials. It would be very awkward for the Government were there to be a Post Office strike, and some pretender to take advantage of it to effect a *coup de force*.

THE STRIKE OF THE BAKERS OF ST. DENIS.

The mayor of St. Denis states that a ring was recently formed by the bakers to raise the price of bread out of all proportion to that of flour. As the town is full of poor people, and they are threatened with a hard winter, the town council thought it advisable to break up the combination. The ring had a fund wherewith to equalize profits and losses, and to crush out those bakers who did not accept its tariff. A few weeks ago a baker came from Paris to settle in St. Denis. He found that he would have a good margin of profit in selling the loaf at 7½*d.* The very day after he commenced business the ring rented another shop across the way, and supplied it from the united bakeries with bread which was sold at 6*d.* a loaf. This went on until the new-comer asked to be admitted into the syndicate. Eighteen hundred persons signed a petition and presented it to the mayor, who has taken strong measures to suppress the "ring." The upshot of the affair is that it has knuckled under, all the bakeries are at work again, and St. Denis, which would soon have been in a state of revolt, is now quite tranquil again.

C. BRANDAUER and CO.'s Circular Pointed Pens write as smoothly as a lead pencil, and neither scratch nor spurt, the points being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded. Assorted sample box 6*d.*, post free for 7 stamps from *C. Brandauer and Co.'s Pen Works, Birmingham*.

COUNT KALNOKY AND BISMARCK.

Count Kalnoky, accompanied by two secretaries, arrived in Hamburg yesterday afternoon. He left again this morning for Friedrichsruhe. The semi-official organs in Berlin, which no longer deny that Count Kalnoky's visit to Prince Bismarck is of great political importance, add that it is, at all events, an event of an eminently pacific character. Though few or no new questions are to be discussed by the two statesmen, Count Kalnoky's appearance in Friedrichsruhe is significant as being supplementary to Signor Crispi's visit, and the forerunner of the Emperor William's journey to Vienna and Rome. The *Norddeutsche* says that Count Kalnoky's journey to Prince Bismarck almost entirely absorbs the political interest of the day. The *National* thinks the meeting will strengthen the prospects of peace, but it adds that no real confidence can be felt in Europe attaining a more peaceful state until the strength of European treaties has been proved in the case of Bulgaria.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE EVANGELICALS.

The *Standard* correspondent at Berlin says:—Another proof that the Emperor is resolved to rule with absolute impartiality is his answer to an address presented to him by the Evangelical Alliance. While expressing high satisfaction at the work of that body hitherto, his Majesty says that he "is, at the same time, confident that the Alliance, in performing its duties, will not refuse to respect the religious convictions of its opponents, and will not fail to exercise the tolerance it dictates."

THE BEAUTY SHOW AT SPA.

Scarcely anything but the forthcoming Beauty Show is being talked of in Spa just now. The names of 350 ladies have been inscribed for the competition. The task of the jurymen will, therefore, be somewhat more difficult than that of Paris the Trojan. The fair competitors have taken care to exhibit their photographs as widely as possible. The jury commenced operations by excluding twenty-seven ladies, who had obtained at the first classing only the number 4, from further competition. If one of the jurors has the ill-luck after this to find himself in company with any of the disappointed fair ones, he will probably have to pass *un mauvais quart d'heure*. Fortunately for the jury these ladies have already left Spa, doubtless for the sake of escaping the gibes which would not have been spared them by their rivals. The jurymen are now engaged in investigating the claims of the beauties who have been classed under number 3, which means "passable." It is expected that about eighty will be admitted to the final competition, and then will come the jury's real difficulty.

THE TARIFF ON CORPSES.

According to the *Journal des Débats*, a Frenchman, lately deceased, had expressed in his last will the desire that his remains might be sent to Milan, to be cremated there. But the Italians would seem not to encourage cremation, judging from the fact that they charged the family 240 f. duty on the body coming into Italy, and 240 f. export duty on its incinerated remains when these re-crossed the border. The family, it may be said, had already paid 1,200 f. carriage for the remains to the railway companies, which made up a total of 1,680 f., the ordinary funeral expenses not included.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Speaking at the Hackney Town Hall, last night, Sir Charles Russell, M.P., said that the object that they had met to promote was an eminently desirable one. It needed very little reflection as to the state of things existing in this country, in relation to its competition with other countries, to see that it was a matter of very great and vital importance at this moment. If England was to maintain her productive position in the world she must follow the rest of the world in the matter of technical and scientific training. The reports of the English Consular agents in various foreign countries showed that our competitors, especially Germany, were beating us out of foreign markets to a very great extent, because their agents were able to converse with their customers in the native tongue of the country. He hoped, therefore, that great attention would be paid to the study of foreign languages in our training centres. Institutions were greatly needed in the four North London districts, which had a population of one and a half millions, with a rateable value of five millions, and he hoped all present would unite and work till they had succeeded, as South London had succeeded, in establishing their technical schools.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF GEOLOGISTS.

The Fourth Triennial Congress of Geologists commenced its sittings yesterday, at the London University. Professor Prestwich, of Oxford, delivered the presidential address. He proceeded to a critical review of the work done at former congresses, and to suggest the paths which would immediately be followed. At the first congress at Paris in 1878, the fundamental questions of nomenclature and classification of rocks were taken up, and the suggestion of applying the solar spectrum as the basis of colouring geological maps was accepted. But the scale of red, blue, and yellow was found to be too limited, and the scale had to be very largely increased. The unification of geological terms was in the hands of nine national committees, eleven individual geologists of eminence also rendering assistance. The object of their deliberations was to reduce the various terms to be used to the expression of definite objects. In regard to time, the terms recognized would be era, period, epoch, and age. In regard to the nomenclature of fossil organic remains, the name which would be retained for each species would be that under which it was first known, on the condition that it was then properly described. The president, finally, referred to the work the congress had before it in regard to the important question of the crystalline schists and their fundamental character, and also many undecided matters in the classification of various rock masses, their identity or differences, and their order of formation in time.

COWARDLY ASSAULT ON A WOMAN AT BATTERSEA.

A man named James Holloway was yesterday sentenced by the Wandsworth magistrate to three months' imprisonment for a cowardly assault upon a poor woman with whom he was living. According to the woman's evidence, she returned home on Saturday night a little before twelve o'clock, and the prisoner asked her if she had bought him any tobacco. She replied she had not. He then treated her cruelly and struck her on the face and head with his fist blackening her eye. On the following morning he dragged her out of bed by the hair of her head and threw a quantity of dirty water over her. He also struck her several violent blows with a gingerbeer bottle, threw a steel fender at her, cut her hand with a knife, and afterwards turned her out of the house in her chemise. The evidence was corroborated, and the magistrate inflicted the above sentence, commenting in no measured terms on the brutality and cowardice of the prisoner.

For FEUILLETON, see page 13.

FOURTH EDITION.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR BARTTELOT.

HIS ASSASSINATION PREDICTED.

CURIOUS RUMOURS ON THE CONGO.

We have received by the last mail a communication from a correspondent on the Congo, which throws some curious light on the assassination of Major Barttelot. Our correspondent's letter is dated July 28, and was written long before the news of Major Barttelot's death was known. It reaches us this morning, a week after the receipt of that news; and is full of unpleasant interest in that it predicts what has since occurred.

Stories, says our correspondent, had reached the Congo of grave dissatisfaction among Major Barttelot's followers, and of some soreness on the part of Tippoo Tib. "The result is," says our correspondent, by way of summing up the current rumours and opinions on the Congo, "that the Major is hated by his men, and there are dark hints that he is certain either to be shot or poisoned by them." What a lurid light the existence of these "dark hints" throws on the actual accomplishment of the predicted purpose!

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

OPENING OF THE NETHERLANDS PARLIAMENT.

SPEECH FROM THE THRONE.

THE HAGUE, Sept. 18.—In the absence of the King, who was not well enough to be present, the Session of the States General was opened by the Prime Minister, Baron Mackay, who read the Speech from the Throne. The speech, after announcing that the relations of the Netherlands with foreign countries were of the most friendly character, proceeded to state that the condition of the national finances was fairly satisfactory, and that no increase of taxation would be necessary. Bills would be presented for carrying into execution the modifications of the constitutional law for a partial revision of the law on primary education, and for the division of the great towns into separate electoral districts. Measures reguiating the labour of children in factories, and modifying the sugar tax would also be submitted. A credit would be asked for in order to complete the material of the navy. The serious troubles in Java were to be attributed to various causes. Tranquillity had now been restored, owing to the vigorous measures taken by the Indian Government and the excellent services of the troops. The state of Atcheen was more satisfactory; the chiefs were showing a more conciliatory disposition, and the Beri-Beri disease had not made any further progress.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—Cardinal Lavigerie has written a letter protesting against an article which recently appeared in the *République Française* on the subject of his anti-slavery campaign. The Cardinal declares that the Church has always condemned the slave trade. His own feelings towards sincere Mussulmans are those of paternal kindliness, and the only thing which he desires to extirpate is the traffic in slaves, which drenches Africa with blood and is carried on by marauding gangs.

THE SERVIAN ROYAL DIVORCE SUIT.

VIENNA, Sept. 18.—The German and Austrian Ministers in Belgrade, Count Bray and Dr. Hengelmueller, accompanied by Herr Pallavicini, Secretary to the Austrian Legation, have gone to Gleichenberg to confer with King Milan who is staying there at present. This conference is believed to have reference to the difficulties connected with the pending divorce suit between the King and Queen of Servia.

RUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 17.—A contradiction is given in Government circles to the announcement recently published by a London morning paper, in a telegram from Rome, that a concordat between Russia and the Vatican was in active preparation with a view to giving religious liberty to Polish and Russian Catholics. No such negotiations, it is declared, are in progress.

THE BEHRINGS SEA FISHERIES.

VICTORIA (BRITISH COLUMBIA), Sept. 17.—News has been brought here that the sealing schooner *Arranah*, of this port, has been seized by a Russian steamer off Copper Island. Another schooner was fired on. No seizures of British vessels have been made this year by the United States cruisers.

THE STRIKES IN FRANCE.

PARIS, Sept. 18.—The Villars miners on strike held a meeting at St. Etienne last night. On learning that the manager of the company refused to accept their conditions, they resolved that the strike should be maintained to the bitter end, and decided on proceeding in a body to the pits this morning to prevent the descent of those of their comrades who are still at work.

THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC IN FLORIDA.

JACKSONVILLE, Sept. 17.—A hundred fresh cases of yellow fever have been recorded here during the twenty-four hours ending at six o'clock this evening.

FIVE WHALERS WRECKED IN THE BEHRING SEA.

RESCUE OF 109 LIVES.

Information received yesterday by mail from San Francisco, and dated the 6th inst., reports the wreck of no fewer than five whaling vessels, by which over a hundred lives were placed in jeopardy. They were all on the whaling grounds in the Behring Sea on the 3rd ult., when a terrific storm arose. Five vessels were wrecked outright, and it is understood that others were damaged. The crews of the five wrecked vessels numbered 109 persons, and these were saved by the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, which was in the vicinity. The *Bear* brought all the crews to San Francisco, at which port they were landed on the morning of the 6th inst. It was not stated in the despatch that any lives had been lost by the disaster to the whaling fleet.

ATTEMPT ON ANOTHER WOMAN IN THE EAST END

ARREST OF A MAN WITH A KNIFE.

Charles Ludwig, forty, a decently-dressed German, of 1, The Minories, was charged at Thames-street, to-day, with being drunk, and threatening to stab Alexander Finlay, of 51, Leman-street, Whitechapel. The prosecutor said that at three o'clock that morning he was standing at a coffee-stall in Whitechapel, when the accused came up drunk, pulled out a knife, and tried to stab him. Ludwig followed him round the stall, and made several attempts to stab him. A constable came up, and he was given into custody. Constable 221 H said he had previously received information that the man was wanted in the City for attempting to cut a woman's throat with a razor. On the way to the station he dropped a long-bladed open knife, and on him was found a razor and a long-bladed pair of scissors.

A City constable informed the magistrate that early this morning he heard a woman screaming "murder" in a dark court in the Minories. He found the prisoner with a woman, who was in a very agitated condition, and who begged him to "take her out of this." The constable admitted sending the man off, and when told by the woman that he pulled a big knife out, he left her, and went after the prisoner. He lost both of them. But, as we have seen, the man was arrested at another place on another charge. He was remanded.

"SQUIRE" RIDER HAGGARD AT HOME.

This week's *World* contains an article on Mr. Rider Haggard as seen "at home," at Ditchingham House, Bungay. We append a few interesting extracts:—

A COUNTRY SQUIRE.

The jacket and knickerbockers of brown tweed, the soft felt hat, the thick knitted stockings, and the serviceable boots, are just such as you might reasonably expect any country squire to wear; but Mr. Rider Haggard generally holds in his hand a long knobbed stick of umzimbeet wood (once the property of a Zulu chieftain), while on his little finger is a signet from Thebes, bearing in hieroglyphics the legend, "Ank Bes Bes Ank:" "Bes the living—the living Bes." The blackened briarwood pipe which the scribe smokes assiduously brings you back immediately from Philæ to Norfolk; and your host leads the way to a hall running right through the house, where you receive the friendly greetings of Cæsar, a gentle bulldog of forbidding aspect, and Nous, the most active of terriers, who appear to be in possession of two throne-like chairs of inlaid ebony and ivory, with seats of twisted string and curious footstools, which came from Lamu. The trophies on the walls savour equally of ancient Egypt and modern South Africa. The skull of an eland is surrounded by Zulu kerries, Egyptian bows, and priests' wands from Achmeen. A shield of rhinoceros hide is placed over a Zulu missile for killing wild ducks, just like those depicted on the tomb of Ti at Sakhara; and above a carved Scotch settle hangs a whip made from the skin of the hippopotamus.

MR. HAGGARD'S LIBRARY.

Proceeding with the description of Mr. Haggard's furniture, the representative of the *World* says:—Half a dozen cards, letters, and envelopes are stuck carelessly in the frame of a whip-rack. Mr. Budge addresses his most promising disciple in hieroglyphics; and an American correspondent writes to say that "ten thousand of her readers demand imperatively to know the colour of Mr. Haggard's eyes." The object of this flattering inquisitiveness writes at a brass-bound desk on a large table which stands near the window furthest from the door. The top shelf of his dwarf bookcase is filled by a selection of fifty pirated American editions of his works; English translations of Herodotus, Apuleius, Strabo, and Athenæus lie within easy reach of his hand; and in his very limited library you find few possible instruments of plagiarism. Just behind his head is an ideal picture from "Dawn," and a female head with the brief inscription: "She, from an onyx, penes J. E."

FIRST LITERARY EFFORTS.

In 1882 Mr. Rider Haggard wrote "Cetewayo and his White Neighbours," over which he lost £50. The sight of a fair face in a church at Norwood gave him, he says, an inspiration for "Dawn." The publishers regarded his first novel with disfavour, and the rewriting it against time very nearly cost him his eyesight. It was produced at last, and his profits amounted to ten pounds. Encouraged by a very favourable review in the *Times*, he set to work on the "Witch's Head," and this time he realized no less than fifty pounds. In 1885 he was called to the bar, commenced his legal career in the Probate and Divorce Court, and wrote "King Solomon's Mines" in the leisure evenings of his first term. He woke up one morning to find himself famous, and this time he very fortunately retained a royalty of 10 per cent. "She," "Jess," and "Allan Quatermain" were each phenomenally successful; and the still youthful author practically abandoned the drafting of pleas in matrimonial causes for the practice of romantic literature. He cannot satisfactorily explain why "Maiwa's Revenge," the work of a single fortnight, excited so much notice; while the elaborate preface to the second edition of "Cetewayo," to write which he patiently dissected the pile of Blue-books which nearly bury the gun-cases out of sight, passed almost unnoticed, even by the politicians.

A BLOODTHIRSTY DUEL.

The Madrid correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* says:—A duel of the most ferociously bloodthirsty character has just taken place in Gergal, a small town in the province of Huelva. Two young men who were engaged to two sisters quarrelled over some trifling matter, and agreed to settle their dispute by a duel, in which both should be wounded and one at least should be killed. The conditions agreed upon were that the right foot of the one should be tied to the left foot of the other, and then, each being armed with a dagger, they were to stab one another by turns until one should die. These barbarous conditions were carried out to the letter, and with the most coldblooded ferocity, and in the presence of seconds. Each of the combatants received seven wounds before one of them expired, while still tied to his antagonist. The other was also removed in a dying state.

Mr. David Dale has declined the invitation of the Stockton-on-Tees Liberal Association to become their candidate for the borough in succession to Mr. Dodds, M.P.

The Crofters' Commissioners arrived at Kirkwall to-night, and will sit there to-morrow to examine crofters.

The opening of Tooting College by Cardinal Manning is fixed for Thursday at 11.30.

SENTENCES AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

POST OFFICE CASES

Edward Boucher, thirty-one, auxiliary letter carrier in Kensington district, pleaded guilty to stealing a post-letter containing 92 stamps, value 7*s.* 8*d.* Complaints had been made as to the non-delivery of letters, suspicion fell on the prisoner, and the usual test letter having been made up, the prisoner was found to be in possession of it. The Recorder sentenced him to eighteen months' hard labour.—Henry Brinkworth, twenty-seven, sorter in the General Post Office, pleaded guilty to obtaining by false pretences from various persons certain sums of money. In his capacity of letter sorter he appears to have read the contents of postcards addressed to persons in the country announcing the safe arrival of friends. The prisoner then wrote to many of those persons in the name of the writers, stating that they had lost their purses and requesting immediate remittances. He had carried on the system for many months, and was at last caught through his clumsy imitation of the peculiar handwriting of one of the post-cards. He was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.—Robert Train, letter carrier at a post office in Holborn, pleaded guilty to stealing a test letter entrusted to him for delivery. He was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour.—Henry Willis pleaded guilty to stealing a parcel entrusted to him for delivery, he being in the service of the Post Office, and was sentenced to nine months' hard labour.—Walter Frederick Grainger, twenty-one, letter-carrier in the Western district, pleaded guilty to stealing a letter containing a Post Office order for 9*s.* 11*d.*, and was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour.

FIVE YEARS FOR STEALING A £4,000 CHEQUE.

John Parker pleaded guilty to stealing a cheque, value £4,000, at 147, Cannon-street, which had been sent by the Bradford Corporation to the Australasian Loan and Agency Company. The prisoner's mother was caretaker at the place, and having managed to get an inspection of the letters by the early delivery he appears to have abstracted the letter containing the cheque in question, which he got cashed through a friend at a bank in Walworth. He immediately began a career of fast life on the turf, and spent nearly all the money in the course of twelve months. He was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

THE CASE OF MRS. GORDON BAILLIE.

The case of Mrs. Gordon Baillie, alias Annie Frost, was again mentioned this morning, Mr. Ladbury asking for a postponement of the case until next session on the ground that the prosecution had added several new charges to the original indictment. After some conversation the postponement was agreed to.

AN EXPERT RAILWAY THIEF.

Albert Evans, thirty-one, described as a fitter, pleaded guilty to stealing a portmanteau and its contents, value £25, while in course of transit on the Great Northern Railway. Several previous convictions were proved. The prisoner was alleged by the witnesses to be one of the most expert railway thieves in the kingdom, his plan being to go as a passenger in the train, walk along the footboard, get access to the luggage-van and drop the most desirable luggage on to the line, where it was picked up by confederates. The Recorder sentenced him to ten years' penal servitude.

RIOT AMONG IRISH LABOURERS AT GLASGOW.

A FREE FIGHT.—FIFTY-TWO MEN SENT TO GAOL.

A serious riot occurred in an emigrants' lodging house near Glasgow Harbour last night. Two hundred Irish labourers have been brought over from Belfast to take the place of the Glasgow quay labourers on strike. Why these labourers quarrelled is not known; but about eleven o'clock last night blows were exchanged and a free fight ensued. Four policemen having failed to quell the disturbance, forty more were brought on the scene. The labourers on strike were anxious to help the police, but their aid was declined. The fight raged for some time; but at length peace was restored, sixty-two of the rioters being arrested. Five of the constables are incapacitated, and many of the rioters are badly cut and bruised. None are seriously injured. Fifty-two of the arrested rioters were sentenced this forenoon to thirty days' imprisonment. Other five rioters were remanded for forty-eight hours.

THE WHITECHAPEL MURDERS.

It has transpired that on the day of the Hanbury-street murder a man went into the lavatory at the City newsrooms, Ludgate-circus, and there changed his clothes hurriedly, departing and leaving behind a pair of trousers, a shirt, and socks. Nobody connected with the establishment saw him, and when the clothes were found they were thrown into the dustbox, and being placed therein in the street were carted away by the scavengers. They do not appear to have attracted special attention at the time, but on the following Tuesday a police officer visited the place and made inquiries of the proprietor. The matter is being followed up by the police.

Edward Quinn, a labourer, was brought up at Woolwich police-court on the charge of being drunk, and complained that he had been taken into custody on the charge of being concerned in the Whitechapel murder. He was remanded to this day on his own recognizances in £5.

FIRES AT LAMBETH AND AT RAMSGATE.

Early this morning a fire broke out at 268, South Lambeth-road, on the premises of Barrett and Co., screw stopper manufacturers. The fire was discovered in the engine-room, and spread with great rapidity. Several fire-engines were early on the spot, but the supply of water was inadequate. The building was nearly burned out and the roof destroyed.

A fire occurred at Ramsgate last night. Two shops on the arcade leading to the West Cliff were completely gutted. Great excitement prevailed.

THE AUSTRALIANS AT HASTINGS.

In dull but fine weather the second match of the Hastings festival—the Australians v. a South of England Eleven—was commenced yesterday in the presence of a very large number of persons. The ground was in good condition.

When play commenced this morning the South of England began their innings with Grace and Abel, but W. G. only scored 4 when he was caught by Worrall off Turner for 4; Newham followed, but was immediately run out. Read then came in, but only scored 9, when he was caught by Trott, off Turner.

THE AUSTRALIANS.—First Innings.

Bannerman, c Read, b Lohmann	15	Blackham, b Pigg	2
M'Donnell, c Beaumont, b Lohmann	45	Jarvis, b Smith	37
Bonnor, b Smith	5	Worrall, c Pigg, b Read	27
Trott, b Lohmann	50	Ferris, not out	0
Turner, c Lohmann, b Beaumont	1	Extras	25
Jarvis, c Abel, b Beaumont	84		
Edwards, b Pigg	0	Total	291

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.—First Innings.—Grace, c Worrall b Turner, 4; Newham, run out, 0; Read c Trott, b Turner, 9; Key, c Bonnor, b Turner, 44; Abel, c Bonnor, b Trott 20; Pigg, c Jarvis, b Trott 0; Lohmann, not out, 3; extras, 0—total, 68.

THIS DAY'S MONEY MARKET.

Half-past One.

HOME RAILWAYS FIRM.—FOREIGN STOCKS BETTER.—AMERICANS HIGHER.

Little disposition is shown to allow rates for money to fall away in the open market, but the idea that a 5 per cent. Bank of England official minimum is inevitable is not so general as it was. The receipt of gold by the Bank yesterday has led to the hope that the Four per Cent. rate may prove effective in replenishing the Bank's stock of bullion, and if this should turn out to be so, of course a further upward movement would be unnecessary. There is only a quiet demand for money in the shape of short loans this morning, and the quotation is no better than 3 per cent. The discount rate for three months' bank paper is still called 3⅝ per cent., with only a small number of bills offering however.

Stock Exchange markets generally present a firmer appearance than they have done since the advance in the Bank rate, and in almost all directions a rise in prices is shown. This is to some extent due to the fact that operators are not so apprehensive as they were as to a further rise in the value of money. Consols are dull and unaltered, but in the Home Railway market buying has recommenced with vigour and a substantial rise is shown. The chief feature is the continued advance in Scotch stocks, but North Eastern and the speculative Deferred stocks of the southern lines are also particularly strong. Foreign Government Bonds are again firm in tone, with a slight rise in Italian, Spanish, Russian, and Egyptian, but there is little improvement in the number of transactions recorded. American Railroad securities are quiet, and prices have not moved to any appreciable extent except for a further decline in Philadelphia and Reading shares, which were especially attacked last night in the "street," after official hours. Milwaukee and St. Paul shares show a recovery, and many operators now incline to the belief that the worst of the fall in this special security is over. Grand Trunk stocks are firm, without much business. Mexican Railway issues are quiet without any further fall of importance, the bad traffic having been to a large extent discounted. The total receipts only amounted to £5,100, a decrease compared with the corresponding week last year of £8,200. Mining and Miscellaneous securities are quiet.

After a strong opening, the tone on the Stock Market at New York yesterday became feverish and unsettled, remaining so throughout. A "drive" by the bears caused the prices of Grangers and Coal stocks to recede ½ to 1½ but these losses were afterwards generally recovered. The market closed quiet but firmer, at prices nearly equal to the first.

The following are the latest changes compared with last night's closing:—

In Home Railways.—*Improved*: Hull and Barnsley 1, South Eastern Deferred 1, Caledonian ⅞, North Eastern ⅞, North British ¾, Brighton Deferred ⅝, Great Eastern and Great Western ½, Midland ⅜, Chatham Ordinary and Preference and Sheffield Deferred ¼, and North Western ⅛.

Among Foreign Stocks.—*Advanced*: French Four and a Half per Cents., Spanish, Turkish 1871, Greek 1881 and Uruguay Bonds ¼ each, Egyptian Unified 3-16, the Daira ⅛, Italian and Russian 1873 ⅛. *Declined*: Peruvian 1872 1-16.

American Railroads.—*Risen*: Milwaukee and St. Paul ¾, Norfolk and Western Preference ⅝, New York Central, Northern Pacific Preference, Mexican Central Bonds, Ohio and Mississippi Ordinary, and Wabash Mortgage ¼, Central Pacific, Denver Ordinary and Preference, Louisville and Nashville, Erie, New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio First Mortgage, and Pennsylvania shares ⅛. *Fallen*: Philadelphia and Reading shares ½, Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, Erie Second Mortgage, and Union Pacific shares ¼.

As regards Canadian and Foreign Railways.—*Higher*: Nitrate shares ¼, Grand Trunk First, Second, and Third Preference ⅛, and the Ordinary 1-16. *Lower*: Mexican Ordinary and Second Preference ¼.

Rio Tinto and De Beers are up 1, and Mason and Barry 1-16; but Spratts shares are down ⅛.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET.—The market is very quiet. Sales, 6,000. Prices are without quotable change, but barely steady. Futures, after opening at partially one point advance, have reacted one point all round.

The following are this day's 1 o'clock prices of the principal Stocks and Shares:—

BRITISH FUNDS, ETC.			Brighton (Ordinary)	141	3	London and County	85	6	
Consols	100¼	⅛	Do. A	126⅞	7⅛	Union of London	40	1	
New Consols 2¾	97⅜	¾xd	Chatham (Ordinary)	23¾	4	London and West.	66½	7⅛	
Reduced 3 p. c.	99⅛100	xd	Do. Preference	102	½	London Joint Stock	39½	40⅛	
Local Loan Stock	102	3 xd	North Western	170¼	½	Nat. Prov. of Eng.	43	4	
New 2½ per Cent	94¼	¾xd	South Western	137	8	Stand. Bnk. S. Afric	50⅛	1⅛	
India 3½ per Cents	104¼	¼xd	Manchester & Shef.	71	3	MINES			
Do. 4½ p. c. Rs.	73⅛	⅛x int.	Do. A.	39⅛	¾	Indian Consolidated	5 16	7 16	
Egyptian Guar.	99½	100⅛xd	Met. Consolidated	7⅛	5	Mysore shares	3	⅛	
Met. Bd. Wks. 5¾	111½	22 xd	Do. Land Stock	70⅛	1½	Ooregums	1⅛	⅛	
Do. 3 p. c. Scrip	101½	2½	Do. District	31¾	¾	Cape Copper	4 13 16	15 16	
Birmingham Crp. Stk.	110	11	Midland	133⅛	4	Namaqua	2⅜	3⅛	
Liverpool	110¼	¾xd	North British	124⅛	⅝	Mason and Barry	10⅞	11	
FOREIGN STOCKS.			North Eastern	160½	¼	Rio Tinto	22¼	⅛	
Argentine 6 p. c.	100	2	North Stafford	111	13	Montana £1 shares	1 9 16	1 13 16	
Do. Hard Dols	70½	1½	South Eastern	132	4	De Beers	30½	1	
Do. Treasury	93⅛	9⅛	Do. Deferred	103¼	10	Kimberley Cent	34¼	5¼	
Austrian Gold	91	3	FOREIGN RAILWAYS			TELEGRAPHS AND TELEPHONES.			
Do. Silver	57	9	Canada Pacific	53⅛	⅛	Anglo-American	42½	3⅛	
Brazilian 1875	101⅛	3½	Can. Pacific Shares	3⅞	¼	Do. Pref.	72	3	
B. Ayres 6 p. c.	102	4	Chic. Mil. and St. P.	63⅞	4⅛	Brazilian Submarine	13⅛	⅛	
Do. Cedulas I.	6½	5	Denver & R. Grande	20	¼	Direct Unit. States	9¾	10⅛	
Chilian 4½ p. c. 1885	100	2	Do. Pref.	52⅛	¼	Eastern	12⅛	⅝	
Costa Rica A	92	3	Illinois Shares	121½	2⅛	Ditto Extension	12⅛	13⅛	
Do. B	91	⅛	Lake Shore	100⅛	⅛	United Telephone	13¼	¼	
Egypt. State Dom.	101½	2	Ohio & Mississippi	24¼	5⅛	Globe Teleg. Trust	7	¼	
Do. Unified	84⅜	⅛	Louis. and Nash.	60⅝	⅜	TRAMWAYS ETC			
Do. Preference	102⅜	⅝	Mex. Cen. Bonds	63	½	London Gen. Om.	190	5	
Do. Daira Sanieh	79⅛	80	Do. Nat "A"	63	½	London Street	12	13	
French 3 p. c. Rnts	82½	¼	Miss. Kan. & Texas	13¼	¼	London Tramway	13½	14⅛	
Do. 4½ p. c. Rnts	103¼	4½	N. Y. Cen. Shares	111½	12	North Metropolitan	150	170	
Greek 5 p. c. 1881	73¼	¼	New York Ontario	17⅛	¼	WATERWORKS.			
Hung. Gold Rente	82¼	3	Erie Shares	25¼	39	Chelsea Waterworks	200	5	
Italian	95⅛	⅛	Do. Sec. Mort.	102¼	3⅛	East London	197	202	
Mexican Converted	39⅜	⅞	Norfolk & West. Pref	59⅛	¼	Grand Junction	124	8	
Peruvian 5 p. c. 7	14 9 16	11 16	N. Y. P. & O. 1st M.	40½	¼	Kent	270	5	
Do. 6 p. c.	16	¼	North. Pacific Pref	62¼	3¼	Lambeth	261	6	
Portuguese	64	¼	Pennsylvania Sh.	56⅛	¼	New River, New	349	54	
Russian 1873	98¼	¼	Phil. and Read. St	20	½	S'thwrk. & Vauxhal	165	70	
Spanish 4 p. c.	74 11 16	13 16	Union Pacific Shares	60¼	½	W. Middlesex	264	0	
Turkish 1854	100	2	Wabash Preferred	27¼	⅛	GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHT.			
Group 1	24⅛	5⅛xd	Do. Gen. Mort.	44⅛	5	Gaslight & Coke A	232	6	
Group 2	15⅜	⅞xd	Grand Trunk Sh.	10¼	11	Imp. Continental	208	11	
Groups 3 and 4	14⅜	15 xd	Do. First Pref.	64⅛	⅝	South Metropolitan	306	11	
4½ p. c. 1871	86¼	¼	Do. Second Pre	42¼	3⅛	Brush Elec. Lt. (£4 pd)	3⅛	⅛	
5 p. c. Defence	97⅛	¼	Do. Third Pref.	25¼	½	MISCELLANEOUS.			
5 p. c. Priority	81	3 xd	Do. Guaranteed	69	½	Allsopp	8	¼	
Uruguay Unified	73¼	¼	Mexican Ordinary	46¼	7	Guinness and Co.	305	10	
Virginia Funded	41	2	Do First Pre	119⅝	20	Hotchkiss	10	⅛	
U.S. 4½ p.c.	108⅛	9⅛	Ob. do. 2nd Pref	78¼	¼	Bryant and May	124	13	
BRITISH RAILWAYS			Lombardo-Venetian	9	¼	Spratt's Patent	9⅛	10	
Caledonian	115⅛	⅜	Varna 3 per cent	7	¼	P. and O. Steam	65	8	
Great Eastern	70⅜	⅜	Nitrate Railway	23	½xd	Royal Mail Steam	65	8	
Great Northern	118	19	BANKS.			Nat. Discount Co.	11½	12	
Ditto A	104⅛	5½	Alliance Bank	23¼	14¼	Hudson's Bay	19¼	20	
Great Western	147⅛	8	City Bank	20½	1½	Suez Canal	87⅛	8	
Hull and Barnsley	21¼	2¼	Consolidated Bank	7¼	8¼	d. & W. Ind. Dock	24	6	
Lanc. and York	119	20	Imperial Ottoman	11 9-16	11 16	London and St. K.	22	6	

THE MURDER OF MRS. NICHOLLS IN BUCK'S-ROW.

NO LIGHT ON THE MYSTERY.

Mr. Wynne Baxter, the coroner for South-east Middlesex, resumed yesterday the inquiry into the circumstances attending the death of Mary Ann Nicholls, aged forty-two, who was found lying dead in Buck's-row, Whitechapel, on the morning of Friday, the 31st August, with her body dreadfully mutilated. Dr. Llewellyn stated that he found an old scar across the forehead. The ears had been pierced, but rings had not been worn in them for some time, as the holes were nearly closed. Thomas Eade, a signalman, stated that on Saturday, September 8, he was going down the Cambridge-road, towards the Whitechapel-road, when he saw a man who attracted his attention, as he was holding his arm stiffly. As he moved his arm witness saw the blade of a knife sticking out of his trousers pocket. Witness told some men of what he had seen, and then followed the man for some distance, intending to give him into custody, but he lost sight of him. He looked like a mechanic, and was about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and thirty-five years of age. He wore a dark brown jacket, a pair of white overalls, and a double peaked cap. He had dark whiskers and moustachios. Walter Purkiss stated that he lived opposite the spot where the body was found. Neither he nor his wife heard any noise during the night. Alfred Mulshaw, the night watchman to the board of works for the Whitechapel district, stated that he was on duty in Winthorpe-street all the night of the 30th ult. till six o'clock next morning. He was watching some sewerage works that were going on there. He heard no cries for help that night. The slaughter-house was about fifty yards off. Police-constable John Thain, 96 J, deposed that he was on duty in Brady-street on the morning of the murder. He passed the corner of Buck's-row every thirty minutes during the night, but heard no disturbance. He noticed when the body was removed that the dress was soaked with blood. There was much blood against the gate, and some was running down the pavement. He found no instrument of any description. Robert Paul, a carman, said that he was passing along Buck's-row at a quarter to four on the morning in question, when a man stopped him and showed him the body of a woman lying in a gateway. Her clothes were disarranged, and she appeared to be dead. Witness felt her hands and arms; they were quite cold. Inspector Spratling said he had been making inquiries into this matter. He had not been to every house in Buck's-row, but if anything had come to light down there he would have heard of it. He had seen all the watchmen in the neighbourhood, and they neither saw nor heard anything. The Board school ground had been searched, but nothing likely to throw any light on the matter was discovered. The inquiry was again adjourned. The foreman of the jury said that if a substantial reward had been offered in the first case he believed that the two last murders would never have been perpetrated. If the matter was put before the Home Secretary and a large reward offered, he would willingly give £25.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The September session of this court was opened yesterday at the Old Bailey by the Lord Mayor, who was accompanied on the bench by the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, the Sheriffs, Aldermen Sir J. Dakin, Stone, and Knill. The calendar contains the names of 180 prisoners, including 18 brought forward from last session. They include—murder, 6; attempted murder, 4; manslaughter, 1; robbery with violence, 10; burglary, 27; conspiracy, 12; forgery, 6; housebreaking, 3; larceny, 32; letter-stealing, 4; counterfeit coining, 1; abusing girls, 7; arson, 5; bigamy, 3; misdemeanour, 22; perjury, 3; shooting with firearms, 1; wounding, 4; receiving stolen goods, 4.

THE CASE OF MRS. GORDON BAILLIE.

At the Central Criminal Court yesterday, Mr. Mead mentioned the case of Mrs. Gordon Baillie (otherwise Annie Frost), saying that that lady, together with her husband and butler, had true bills found against her last session for conspiracy and obtaining money and goods by false and fraudulent pretences. He wished to have liberty to add several other counts for similar offences. Mr. Besley, who appeared for one of the prisoners, not objecting, the application was granted.

VIZETELLY AND ZOLA'S NOVELS.

Mr. Poland mentioned the case of Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the publisher, of Catherine-street, Strand, who was charged with exposing indecent literature for sale, the alleged indecent literature being Zola's French novels, or some of them. The learned gentleman explained that originally the case had been a private prosecution, but the Public Prosecutor had now taken up the matter, and time was required to look properly into the case. No opposition was offered, and the Recorder agreed to postpone the hearing until next session.

A SYSTEM OF FORGED CHEQUES.

Joseph Charlwood, thirty-one, a well-dressed man, pleaded guilty to several indictments charging him with uttering forged cheques. Inspector Martin informed the court that the prisoner had been carrying on a system of uttering forged cheques for a long time. His practice was to write cheques for small amounts on plain paper and pass them off at the shops of tradesmen, obtaining the change for the price of some article that he had purchased. There were no fewer than thirty cases in which he had acted in this manner. The prisoner was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

ONE MORE CHANCE.

Anne Wood, forty, who pleaded guilty at the laat sessions to uttering a counterfeit sixpence, having at the time other counterfeit coins in her possession, was brought up for judgment. The prisoner was tried with her husband at the February sessions for having a quantity of counterfeit coin in their possession, and the prisoner was acquitted, but her husband was found guilty and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Directly after the prisoner was set at liberty she appeared to have committed the offence to which she had pleaded guilty.—The Common Serjeant, upon the belief that she had been led away by him and his bad example, he would give her another chance, and sentence her to be imprisoned for seven weeks from the last sessions, the effect of which would be that she would be at once discharged.

A BOY KILLED WHILE BOXING.

Mr. Wyatt, the Camberwell coroner, was informed yesterday of the death of a boy named William Collins, aged ten, lately residing at 86, Sultan-street, Camberwell. On Saturday he was boxing with gloves with another boy named Baxter, aged eight. Baxter, it is alleged, struck Collins behind the right ear. He fell down, and died in a few moments.

TO STOUT PEOPLE.—*Sunday Times* says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but builds up and tones the system." Book (116 pages) with recipe and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure obesity (average reduction in first week is 3 lb.), post free eight stamps.—F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

WHAT THE PARNELL COMMISSION DID.

We published yesterday evening a very full account of the proceedings before the Special Commission of Judges appointed to inquire into the charges made by the *Times* against Mr. Parnell and the Irish parliamentary party. The following, however, is a brief summary of what the Commission did. Sir James Hannen presided, and in opening the court stated the scope of the inquiry and the principles on which the Commissioners proposed to conduct it. Sir C. Russell, Q.C., M.P. (who, with Mr. Asquith, M.P., appeared for Mr. Parnell and his colleagues), made several applications—one for the inspection of the originals of the letters read in the action of O'Donnell *v.* Walter; another for the discovery of documents upon which the charges had been made; and another for the release of Mr. Dillon on bail. The first and second of these three applications were granted, a discussion of considerable length taking place upon the second, which was objected to by Mr. W. Graham, who, with the Attorney-General (not present) represented the *Times*. The order relating to the discovery of documents applies to both sides; but a question will arise whether there should be any restrictions, and the court will take upon itself to consider what documents it would be right to produce. Particulars are to be given as to the persons against whom the charges and allegations are made. Both sides are to furnish particulars and affidavits a week before October 22, when the inquiry will be commenced. With respect to Mr. Dillon, the President stated that the order for his release, on his own recognizances, will be delivered on the 18th of October, it being an understanding that the hon. member would take part in no public proceedings other than those connected with the Commission.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

The annual assembly of the Congregational Union of England and Wales will be held in Nottingham next month, and a series of very interesting meetings is anticipated. On October 8 the inaugural sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Elmslie, of London. On the following morning the first session of the Union will be held, when the president, the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Huddersfield, will deliver his address. Subsequently educational questions will be discussed, papers treating of different aspects of the subject having been promised by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, of London; Professor Massie, of Oxford; Mr. T. Scrutton, of London; and the Rev J. Chater, of Southport. In the evening the public bicentenary meeting will be held in Wesley Chapel. At the Wednesday morning's assembly the subject of discussion will be "The Work of Congregational Churches in England." The Rev. H. Stead, of Leicester, will read a paper at Queen's-walk Chapel, on "The need of a system of Christian economics." Other papers will be "The larger use of the Church meeting for counsel and fellowship," "Pentateuchal criticism," "Preaching," and "The causes of pastoral anxiety."

The half-yearly meetings of the English Congregational Union of North Wales were held yesterday at Mold, the Rev. John Thomas, D.D., of Liverpool, presiding. Among the resolutions of the conference was one referring to Mr. Henry Richard, who took a prominent part in the formation of the Union thirteen years ago, and who in many ways rendered valuable assistance. A largely-attended public meeting was held at night, when an illuminated address, together with a purse of over £60, was presented to the Rev. Burford Hooke, retiring secretary, on his leaving North Wales for London.

BALDWIN IN THE CLOUDS ABOVE MANCHESTER.

Professor Baldwin made a descent from a balloon with his parachute on the racecourse at Manchester yesterday afternoon in the presence of many thousands of spectators. The streets in the neighbourhood of course were congested, and the housetop was a favourite point of survey. The ascent and descent of Professor Baldwin were successfully accomplished. A ringing cheer broke out as the balloon was seen to rise. At the height of 1,000 feet Professor Baldwin pulled the strings and set himself loose amidst intense excitement. He alighted safely in an adjoining field; while the balloon fell in a timber-yard.

A DELICATE MISSION TO THE SULTAN.—Professor Vambéry, according to the *Correspondance de l'Est*, has been entrusted with the delicate mission of trying to persuade the Sultan to restore to the Hungarian Government the books which belonged to King Matthias Corvinus's library. These books fell into the hands of the Turks when Pesth was captured, and they are now deposited in the Old Seraglio.

UNDER ENGAGEMENTS TO MARRY.—The recent arrival of the *Hekla* at New York presented a novel case under the law forbidding the landing of immigrants imported under contract. Twenty-four young women admitted that they had arrived under engagements to marry, entered into through a matrimonial agency. Orders to detain them were issued, but the matter was reconsidered, and the weddings will be permitted.

PROPOSED TELEGRAPH IN ARABIA.—Sir John Pender, in an audience with the Sultan, has proposed the laying of a cable from Jedda to Yemen and with a view to facilitate its payment has suggested that a portion of the telegraph with India could be made to pass through the Turkish lines. The proposal is not regarded favourably at the Palace, the natural growth of English influence in Arabia being already great, and the Porte fears that the telegraph would increase it.

CAPTAIN GERHAUSER'S RIDE.—There is much talk among cavalry officers in Vienna of a capital feat in horsemanship accomplished by Captain Gerhauser, of the general staff, who rode on the 12th from Peltan to Bellovar, a distance of 120 kilometres, in fifteen hours. He started at 6 A.M. and arrived at 9 P.M., being accompanied all the way by his servant. Both horses reached Bellovar in excellent condition, and were able to take part in all the manœuvres of the 13th and 14th.

"PATIENCE" FOR EXILED JA-JA.—It would appear from information just received in this country that ex-King Ja-Ja of Opobo, who is now in exile in the West Indies, is receiving every possible consideration at the hands of the British authorities. The latest act of this kind is the bringing over from Opobo of his favourite wife Patience in order to cheer the King in his banishment. Patience is now on her way to England, and on arrival in Liverpool will be sent on to the West Indies. It is understood that when Ja-Ja was removed from Africa he was accompanied by one wife. However, compared with the three hundred that Ja-Ja had when at Opobo, the two will be a very small number.

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THE PALL MALL BUDGET is sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom for 4s. 11d. per quarter.

THE MAKING OF THE "GRAPHIC."

THE most interesting article in the new number of the *Universal Review* is the one in which Mr. W. L. Thomas, the founder and proprietor of the *Graphic*, tells us "all about" his paper.

A TOO SUCCESSFUL START.

The initial capital was £50,000, and the first number was issued on December 4, 1869. It was eagerly sought for by the public—out of curiosity, no doubt—for after the first week the circulation fell, but never, at the dullest period, below eighteen thousand a week. Our success, even, was damaging, for the numbers required caused the printing to be very bad, and our difficulties increased. The paper manufacturer and the ink maker between them contrived products, beautiful enough in themselves, but which, on coming in contact, set up a chemical action which resulted in a very strong, very offensive smell. Copies, with wrathful and uncomplimentary remarks written on the margin, arrived freely by each post addressed to the editor.

"Your *Graphic* seraphic,
It's ink it doth stink,"

was the comment of a very well-known professor.

THE SPECIAL ARTIST IN WAR TIME.

The paper made its first "hit" in the Franco-German war, in which Sydney Hall, an undergraduate fresh from Oxford, served as its "special" artist. "Bid a man," says Mr. Thomas, "follow the fortunes of beaten and baffled troops, the soldiers savage, the officers embittered and suspicious; send him there, too, as a foreigner, an alien critic, as the representative of a foreign and unknown journal, and it can be imagined what pluck, what stamina are required to face such a position; what self-control and patience, what treasures of coolness and good-humour, and swift, unerring decision and solid English doggedness, and caution and simple courage, all went to the share of those two war artists—only two out of the twenty or more assembled at Nancy at the beginning of the campaign—that gallant pair, who held on, bull-dog fashion, to the bitter and splendid end—to see the dawn of so much new hope, and the death of so many old traditions, and a King of Prussia crowned Emperor of Germany in old, stately French Versailles."

"Again," adds Mr. Thomas, "I remember one of our devoted correspondents with the Russians before Plevna (Mr. Villiers), carried away by enthusiasm, charging the fortified position of the Turks with General Skobeleff, armed only with sketch-book and pencil. They took the position, only to find it commanded by other armed works; so our artist was obliged to squat down in a trench, with bullets pingeing and singing close over his head. He had to stay there until dark, or be picked off the moment he tried to run across the open; so he sharpened his pencil and made a careful drawing of his less fortunate companions lying in a ghastly line before him; and so the time passed until night allowed his escape."

OF PROFIT AND LOSS.

On the rewards of successful work for the *Graphic*, Mr. Thomas writes as follows:—

"About £500 a week is the amount now spent upon the illustrations—about double what we expended on the earlier numbers. Sixty pounds for a single drawing 20 in. by 14 (a drawing, mark, which has to be finished in two or three days, or in extreme cases of pressure in one day) is not poor pay. There are men working for us who make three or four thousand a year. These are the great prizes—*les grands lots*—and yet, in spite of these and like possibilities, we have still to look to France and Germany for recruits at the present time. It would seem as if the purely English school of draughtsmen on wood were dying out. With regard to the letterpress, it has been my good fortune," says Mr. Thomas, "(or misfortune) to pay an author £1,400 for a single story to run through the pages of the *Graphic* alone. . . . The Jubilee Commemoration Number, which was printed in black and gold, with remarkably fine engravings on wood, cost the exact sum of £9,750. An edition of 206,000 was printed, and was sold in a few days, and we lost £40 by the transaction."

THE TRUE STORY OF "CHERRY RIPE."

"No picture ever painted to my knowledge has ever gained such extraordinary popularity as Millais's 'Cherry Ripe,' and as numerous fond parents have dressed up their children at costume balls with such perfect imitation that they at last have convinced their friends and themselves that their darling sat to Sir Everett for the original picture, it will be well to set down in black and white its history. I had a children's fancy dress ball at my own house, and my niece, with her artistic taste, brought her little girl, Edie Ramage, exactly as shown in the picture. Every one was charmed with her winning appearance; the more so when she trotted about with a little fair-haired boy of my own, dressed all in white as a man cook. Next morning I took them both, dressed in their costumes, to Millais, and I recollect now the expression of the great master's face as the two little dots, hand in hand, entered the door of his lofty studio. He was delighted, and said so, and the subject he arranged to paint was the little girl sitting on the stairs, and the boy offering her some fruit. He decided to paint the girl in first. After some days' hard work Millais was so pleased with his demure little sitter, and his own rendering of the subject, that he decided she should be alone, and do without her attendant cook—and of course he was right. It was reproduced in colours remarkably well. Nothing on so large a scale had ever been before attempted, and the sensation was extraordinary. We printed 500,000 copies. Our publisher had to refund £4,000 in hard cash for orders he could not execute, and defend actions at law for not supplying the trade with the quantity required. An amusing episode was a telegram (reply paid) addressed to me with the suggestive query, 'Is the mother of "Cherry Ripe" a widow? Wire reply.' And another, a lady calling lately at our office, and offering to sell us one of our own prints (that we had issued with the Christmas number for 1s.) for £5."

Mr. Thomas's article is supplemented by Mr. Quilter, who writes on "Some *Graphic* Artists," and by reproductions, dispersed throughout the review, of *Graphic* drawings by various well-known artists. Of the other contents of the review, Mrs. Lynn Linton's extraordinarily frank remarks on the marriage question will no doubt be widely read; but we must venture to hope that her generalizations will not be taken as an accurate account of the morals of England. Another article that is likely to attract attention is Mr. George Moore's outspoken attack on "Mummer-worship." There is a great deal of force in what Mr. Moore says; but he is unduly severe upon the vanity of actors. He forgets the inevitable temptations to that failing that beset the tribe, and as for their obtruding their private affairs upon us, the rage for "reminiscences" is not confined to the theatrical profession. Mr. W. L. Courtney contributes a good-humouredly sarcastic article on "The Agnostic in Fiction," and on the peculiar fascination which "agnostic-taming" seems to have in these days for lady-novelists. Professor Mahaffy's "Germany in 1888" is hardly up to his usual "form," but nothing that he writes is uninteresting. The article will be popular in France. Finally we must notice, as completing an admirable number, a plea in defence of "Historic Art" by Mr. Ford Madox Brown—full of deep personal conviction, and suggestive appreciation of fellow workers in his own field. Mr. Madox Brown's high praise of Maclise's frescoes at Westminster is specially notable. "Could I compass it," he says, "every schoolboy in England should have a chance of looking at, more than once, those stupendous works of Maclise, the 'Waterloo' and the 'Trafalgar,' the latter with its seamen, stripped to their waist, working their guns, cool among the carnage. There is a lesson conveyed in the very countenances of such men as Wellington and Blücher and Nelson."

THE LONDON PAPERS ON THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.

The *Daily News* says:—"The President's opening statement must be entirely satisfactory to every lover of justice and fair play. Sir James Hannen contemptuously brushed away this miserable sophistry. He did not, he frankly confessed, know what the exact charges and allegations were. It seems to be Mr. Walter's theory that he can make the most injurious imputations, that he can persist in them after they have been denied, and that when he is invited to prove them he can say, 'Really, that is a matter for the Commissioners. I have nothing to do with that.' The reappearance of the Attorney-General in a political case where the Government ostentatiously proclaims itself neutral will be received by all who value the best traditions of the English bar with more regret than surprise. The Commission has fearlessly upheld the first principles of justice against the last resource of chicane, and has left no refuge for that 'skulking cowardice' to which Mr. Gladstone prophetically referred."

The *Morning Advertiser* says:—"The Special Commission of Judges has begun its work well. There is a business-like directness about yesterday's proceedings which augurs a satisfactory issue of what is certain to be a prolonged, laborious, and even painful investigation. The inquiry will be a judicial one, and the narrowing of its scope to a direct personal issue between the formulators of the charges and those against whom the charges are levelled, strikes at the heart of the subject, and promises to prove the swiftest way to truth."

The *Daily Telegraph* says:—"There wanted nothing of dignity, impartiality, or decisiveness to the manner in which the Statutory Commission upon 'Parnellism and Crime' was yesterday opened by the three judges. In the firm and luminous decisions of their lordships as given in these preliminary proceedings all parties alike may perceive that Parliament did well to confide so anxious and troublesome a business to such a tribunal."

The *Standard* says:—"Even those who most bitterly opposed the Act to which Sir James Hannen and his colleagues owe their present functions must after yesterday's experience admit that the court is entitled to their fullest confidence. That the proceedings are, as far as circumstances allow, to be assimilated to those of an ordinary law suit, is a decision of which the public will approve. By the direction of the judges Mr. Parnell obtains the guarantees which his friends abused the Special Commission Bill for denying to him. The Government all along held to the principle that it was safest to leave securities for fair play to the Commission; and the result entirely justifies their confidence. We have already sufficient proof that the inquiry will be conducted with the strictest impartiality, and that any tendency to extravagance will be rigidly repressed."

The *Daily Chronicle* says:—"The court consider that the defendants in O'Donnell *v.* Walter and Another should open the proceedings by producing such evidence as they think fit. This is fair enough. The decision of the court seems to be singularly fair and equitable, and it is not easy to understand Mr. Graham's repugnance to it, except with regard to its contradiction of the idea that there were no 'parties' in the proceedings."

THE ASCENT OF BEACHY HEAD.

We are indebted to Lady Hobhouse for the following communication:—

"Having observed in a late number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* the account of an ascent of Beachy Head recorded as an unprecedented feat, I cannot resist mentioning (though not for the encouragement of other such attempts) that about Whitsuntide, 1868 or 1869, both Lord Hobhouse and the late Mr. W. E. Forster climbed from the beach to the top at a point which they believed to be as high as any. Of course that may not have been the steepest point, nor the one at which Mr. Van der Elst ascended. Nor do I think the height was nearly 600 feet. Nor do I know precisely what is meant by 'the Channel side' of Beachy Head. (All the cliff is the Channel side, the ascent from inland being no more arduous than that of Constitution-hill.) Moreover, the cliff may have altered in the last ten years. But the matter happened thus: Lord Hobhouse, myself, and one of my brothers were walking on the shore admiring the bold cliffs and wondering whether they were impregnable. Lord H. thought he could climb them, and the discussion ended by his scaling the cliff. When near the top Lord H. found himself in face of an almost precipitous wall of chalk, which, being wholly without appliances for climbing, he could not overcome. But just as he was devising how to retreat, he saw at a little distance a walking stick, probably dropped from above. This he got, and by dint of thrusting it into crevices pulled himself up to the top of the steep wall. But it was all he could do. The exertion was considerable for a man of fifty, out of training, though no great thing for a young man. On returning to London we learnt from Mr. Forster that he had also been at Eastbourne at the same time, and had been tempted in the same way, apparently at the same place, and had met with similar success."

TO-NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING.)

TO-NIGHT, at 9,
Mr RICHARD MANSFIELD in
DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

Preceded at 8 by LESBIA, Classical Comedy in One Act, by Mr. RICHARD DAVEY. Lesbia, Miss Beatrice Cameron.
MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.
Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE.)

TO-NIGHT at 8.30 precisely, the new original Drama, by Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS, entitled "CAPTAIN SWIFT." Mr. Tree, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Kemble, Mr. Fuller Mellish, Mr. Allan, Mr. Harwood, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Brookfield; Lady Monckton, Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Cudmore, and Mrs. Tree. Preceded, at 7.50, by THAT DREADFUL DOCTOR. Doors open at 7.30. Box-office open daily, 10 till 5.

CRITERION THEATRE.

(Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.)

BETSY, EVERY EVENING, at 9 with the original cast. Preceded by, at 8.10, THE DOWAGER. Doors open at 7.45. Stage and Auditorium Lighted entirely by Electricity.
N.B.—MATINEE of BETSY SATURDAY NEXT at 3. Doors open 2.30.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

(A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.)

THIS EVENING, at Eight, THE UNION JACK. 55th Time. Mr. William Terriss; Messrs. C. Cartwright, J. D. Beveridge, J. L. Shine, L. Cautley, D. Somers, H. Russell, E. Lennox, &c.; Miss Millward; Mesdames Helen Forsyth, O. Nethersole, D. Drummond, E. Bufton, and Clara Jecks. At 7.15, THE LOTTERY TICKET.

TERRY'S THEATRE.

(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD TERRY.)

(Acting Manager, Mr. H. T. BRICKWELL.)

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TO-NIGHT, at 8.30, A. W. PINERO'S New Three Act Domestic Drama, SWEET LAVENDER. 186th Time. Messrs. Edward Terry, Alfred Bishop, Brandon Thomas, T. C. Valentine, Bernard Gould, F. Kerr, Sant Matthews; Mesdames M. A. Victor, Carlotta Addison, Maude Millett, Eva Wilson. Doors open at 8. Carriages 11. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. Seats at the Libraries and Box-office, open from 10 to 5. Telephone 2,702.

GLOBE THEATRE.

(Lessees and Managers, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and Miss EDITH WOODWORTH.)

THIS EVENING, at 8.45, BOOTLES' BABY. Last 3 nights. Messrs. C. W. Garthorne, Arthur Elwood, Gilbert Farquhar, Forbes Dawson, A. J. Byde, C. Kent, and Charles Collette; Mesdames Webster, Henrietta Lindley, Rose Evelyn, F. Henry, Minnie Terry. At 7.45, TRUE COLOURS Messrs. Forbes Dawson, A. J. Byde; Mesdames Gillard and Florence Henry.

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(Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER.)

EVERY EVENING at 7.40, WARRANTED BURGLAR PROOF.
At 8.50, punctually, DOROTHY. (725th Performance.)
Mesdames Marie Tempest, Florence Perry, Harriet Coveney, F. Neville, and Amy Augarde; Messrs. Ben Davies, Furneaux Cook, Arthur Williams, J. Le Hay, E. Griffin, and C. Hayden Coffin. Musical Director, M. Ivan Caryll. Doors open 7.30. Box-office open from 10 till 5.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.

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In Concert Hall and Theatre, FRATELLI PRANDI'S MARIONETTES, "RODOPE" and "THE LIVING SKELETON," at 3 and 7.30 P.M. The NEAPOLITAN MANDOLINISTS at 4.30 and 9 P.M.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

GRAND BALLET. FAIRY SCENES of "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." THIS and EVERY EVENING. Marvellous Success. Arranged and produced by Madame Katti Lanner and Mr. Oscar Barrett. Can be witnessed by thousands without extra payment.

SAVOY.—Proprietor and Manager, R. D'OYLY CARTE.—THIS EVENING at 8.30, THE MIKADO, Japanese Opera. By W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. At 7.30, MRS. JARRAMIE'S GENIE. Box-office open from 9 A.M. till 11 P.M.

SAVOY.—THE MIKADO.—THIS and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, and SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2.30, until further notice.

SAVOY.—LAST WEEKS of THE MIKADO.

GAIETY THEATRE.—"SHE." A great success.
Manageress, Miss SOPHIE EYRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—A Great Success.—TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8, a Romantic Play from the celebrated Novel of H. Rider Haggard. Miss Eyre, Misses [illegible] Enson, Elliott, Enid Leslie, Wilson, Vyse, Graves, and Miss Mary Rorke; Messrs. Julian Cross, Edmund Gurney, E. Cleary, H. Maxwell, James East, Glyn, Wynn, and Mr. Edmund Maurice. Box-office open daily from 10 till 6. Prices from 1s. to £4 4s. Manager, Mr. EUGENE C. STAFFORD.—GAIETY THEATRE.

GAIETY.—"SHE."—Miss SOPHIE EYRE as SHE.
MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

COMEDY THEATRE. — TO-NIGHT, at 9 o'clock, a New Farcical Comedy, in three acts, entitled UNCLES AND AUNTS, by W. LESTOCQ and WALTER EVERARD. Mr. W. S. Penley, Mr. Charles Groves, Mr. Wilfred Draycott, Mr. W. F. Hawtrey, Mr. Walter Everard, and Mr. W. Lestocq. Miss Cissy Grahame, Miss Maria Daly, Miss Caroline Elton, Miss Kate Lee, and Miss Vane Featherston. Preceded by, at 8, BARBARA. Messrs. A. G. Andrews, Norman Bent, Misses May Scarlet and Cissy Grahame.—Business Manager, Mr. E. F. BRADLEY.

UNCLES AND AUNTS, TO-NIGHT, at 9. MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT, at 3 o'clock.

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DRURY LANE.—AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Lessee and Manager,
Will REOPEN SATURDAY NEXT, September 22.
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A Romance of 1588.
By HENRY HAMILTON and AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

COURT THEATRE.—Proprietors, Mrs. JOHN WOOD and Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH. Manageress, Mrs. JOHN WOOD.—Will Open for the Season on MONDAY, Sept. 24th, on which occasion will be produced (by arrangement with Mr. John Hare) an adaptation of LES SURPRISES DU DIVORCE, by SYDNEY GRUNDY, entitled MAMMA. Box office now open, 10 to 5. Telephone 3,031.

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By A. CONAN DOYLE.

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BARON HELLENBACH.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE LETTER WHICH CAME FROM THE HALL.

Having thrown this side-light upon my narrative, I can now resume the statement of my own personal experiences. These I had brought down, as the reader will doubtless remember, to the date of the arrival of the savage-looking wanderer who called himself Corporal Rufus Smith. This incident occurred about the close of the month of September, and I find upon a comparison of dates that Dr. Easterling's visit to Cloomber preceded it by three weeks or more. During all this time I was in sore distress of mind, for I had never seen anything either of Gabrielle or of her brother since the interview in which the General had discovered the communication which was kept up between us. I had no doubt that some sort of restraint had been placed upon them; and the thought that we had brought trouble on their heads was a bitter one both to my sister and myself.

Our anxiety, however, was considerably mitigated by the receipt, a couple of days after my last talk with the General, of a note from Mordaunt Heatherstone. This was brought us by a little ragged urchin, the son of one of the fishermen, who informed us that it had been handed to him at the avenue gate by an old woman—who, I expect, must have been the Cloomber cook.

"My dearest friends," it ran, "Gabrielle and I have grieved to think how concerned you must be at having neither heard from or seen us. The fact is that we are compelled to remain in the house. And this compulsion is not physical, but moral. Our poor father, who gets more and more nervous every day, has entreated us to promise him that we will not go out until after the 5th of October, and to allay his fears we have given him the desired pledge. On the other hand, he has promised us that after the 5th—that is, in less than a week—we shall be as free as air to come or go

"THIS WAS BROUGHT US BY A LITTLE RAGGED URCHIN."

as we please; so we have something to look forward to. Gabrielle says that she has explained to you that the governor is always a changed man after this particular date, on which his fears reach a crisis. He apparently has more reason than usual this year to anticipate that trouble is brewing for this unfortunate family, for I have never known him to take so many elaborate precautions or appear so thoroughly unnerved. Remember what I have already told you—that it is no fanciful or imaginary peril, but one which we have every reason to suppose to be most real. It is, however, of such a nature that it can neither be averted nor can it profitably be expressed in words. If all goes well, you will see us at Branksome on the 9th. With our fondest love to both of you, I am ever, my dear friends, your attached MORDAUNT."

This letter was a great relief to us as letting us know that the brother and sister were under no physical restraint; but our powerlessness and inability even to comprehend what the danger was which threatened those whom we had come to love better than ourselves was little short of maddening. Fifty times a day we asked ourselves and asked each other from what possible quarter this peril was to be expected; but the more we thought of it the more hopeless did any solution appear. In vain we combined our experiences and pieced together every word which had fallen from the lips of any inmate of Cloomber which might be supposed to bear directly or indirectly upon the subject. At last, weary with fruitless speculation, we were fain to try and drive the matter from our thoughts, consoling ourselves with the reflection that in a few more days all restrictions would be removed, and we should be able to learn from our friends' own lips. Those few intervening days, however, would, we feared, be dreary long ones. And so they would, had it not been for a new and most unexpected incident, which diverted our minds from our own troubles and gave them something fresh with which to occupy themselves.

"OUR REST WAS SOON INTERRUPTED BY THE CRUNCHING OF HEAVY BOOTS UPON THE SHINGLE."

CHAPTER X.

OF THE CASTING AWAY OF THE BARQUE "BELINDA."

October had broken auspiciously with a bright sun and a cloudless sky. There had in the morning been a slight breeze, and a few little white wreaths of vapour drifted here and there like the scattered feathers of some gigantic bird; but as the day wore on, such wind as there was fell completely away, and the air became close and stagnant. The sun blazed down with a degree of heat which was remarkable so late in the season, and a shimmering haze lay upon the upland moors and concealed the Irish mountains on the other side of the Channel. The sea itself rose and fell in a long, heavy, oily roll, sweeping slowly landward, and breaking sullenly with a dull monotonous booming upon the rock-girt shore. To the inexperienced all seemed calm and peaceful, but to those who are accustomed to read Nature's warnings there was a dark menace in air and sky and sea.

My sister and I walked out in the afternoon, sauntering slowly along the margin of the great sandy spit which shoots out into the Irish Sea, flanking upon one side the magnificent Bay of Luce, and on the other the more obscure inlet of Kirkmaiden, on the shores of which the Branksome property is situated. It was too sultry to go far; so we seated ourselves upon one of the sandy hillocks, overgrown with faded grass-tufts, which extend along the coast line, and which form Nature's dykes against the encroachments of the ocean. Our rest was soon interrupted by the crunching of heavy boots upon the shingle; and Jamieson, the old man-o'-war's man whom I have already had occasion to mention, made his appearance with the flat circular net upon his back which he used for shrimp-catching. He came towards us upon seeing us, and said in his rough, kindly way that he hoped we would not take it amiss if he sent us up a dish of shrimps for our tea at Branksome. "I aye make a good catch before a storm," he remarked.

"You think there is going to be a storm, then?" I asked.

"Why, even a marine could see that," he answered, sticking a great wedge of tobacco into his cheek. "The moors over near Cloomber are just white wi' gulls and kittiwakes. What d'ye think they come ashore for except to escape having all the feathers blown out o' them? I mind a day like this when I was wi' Charlie Napier off Cronstadt. It well nigh blew us under the guns of the forts, for all our engines and propellers."

"Have you ever known a wreck in these parts?" I asked.

"Lord love ye, sir, it's a famous place for wrecks. Why, in that very bay down there two o' King Philip's first-rates foundered wi' all hands in the days o' the Spanish war. If that sheet o' water and the Bay o' Luce round the corner could tell their ain tale they'd have a gey lot to speak of. When the Jedgement Day comes round that water will be just bubbling wi' the number o' folks that will be coming up frae the bottom."

"I trust that there will be no wrecks while we are here," said Esther earnestly.

The old man shook his grizzled head and looked distrustfully at the hazy horizon. "If it blows from the west," he said, "some o' these sailing ships may find it no joke to be caught without sea-room in the North Channel. There's that barque out there—I dare say her maister would be glad enough to find himsel' safe in the Clyde."

"She seems to be absolutely motionless," I remarked, looking at the vessel in question, whose

black hull and gleaming sails rose and fell slowly with the throbbing of the giant pulse beneath her. "Perhaps, Jamieson, we are wrong, and there will be no storm after all."

The old sailor chuckled to himself with an air of superior knowledge, and shuffled away with his shrimp-net, while my sister and I walked slowly homewards through the hot and stagnant air. I went up to my father's study to see if the old gentleman had any instructions as to the estate, for he had become engrossed in a new work upon Oriental literature, and the practical management of the property had in consequence devolved entirely upon me.

I found him seated at his square library table, which was so heaped with books and papers that nothing of him was visible from the door except a tuft of white hair. "My dear son," he said to me as I entered, "it is a great grief to me that you are not more conversant with Sanscrit. When I was your age, I could converse not only in that noble language, but also in the Tamulic, Lohitic, Gangelic, Taic, and Malaic dialects, which are all offshoots from the Turanian branch."

"I regret extremely, sir," I answered, "that I have not inherited your wonderful talents as a polyglot."

"I have set myself a task," he explained, "which, if it could only be continued from generation to generation in our own family until it was comp'eted, would make the name of West immortal. This is nothing less than to publish an English translation of the Buddhist Djarmas with a preface giving an idea of the position of Brahmanism before the coming of Sakyamuni. With diligence it is possible that I might be able myself to complete part of the preface before I die."

"And pray, sir," I asked, "how long would the whole work be when it was finished?"

"The abridged edition in the Imperial Library of Pekin," said my father, rubbing his hands together, "consists of 325 volumes of an average weight of five pounds. Then the preface, which must embrace some account of the Rig-veda, the Sâma-veda, the Yagur-veda and the Atharva-veda, with the Brahmanas, could hardly be completed in less than ten volumes. Now, if we apportion one volume to each year there is every prospect of the family coming to an end of its task about the date 2250, the twelfth generation completing the work, while the thirteenth might occupy itself upon the index."

"And how are our descendants to live, sir," I asked with a smile, "during the progress of this great undertaking?"

"That's the worst of you, Jack," my father cried petulantly. "There is nothing practical about you. Instead of confining your attention to the working out of my noble scheme you begin raising all sorts of absurd objections. It is a mere matter of detail how our descendants live, so long as they stick to the Djarmas. Now I want you to go up to the bothy of Fergus McDonald and see about the thatch, and Willie Fullerton has written to say that his milk-cow is bad. You might look in upon your way and ask after it."

I started off upon my errands, but before doing so I took a look at the barometer upon the wall. The mercury had sunk to the phenomenal point of twenty-eight inches. Clearly the old sailor had not been wrong in his interpretation of Nature's signs. As I returned over the moors in the evening the wind was blowing in short angry puffs, and the western horizon was heaped with sombre clouds which stretched their long ragged tentacles right up to the zenith. Against their dark background one or two livid sulphur-coloured splotches showed up malignant and menacing, while the surface of the sea had changed from the appearance of burnished quicksilver to that of ground glass. A low moaning sound rose up from the ocean as if it knew that trouble was in store for it. Far out in the channel I saw a single panting, eager steam vessel making its way to Belfast Lough, and the large barque which I had observed in the morning still beating about in the offing, endeavouring to pass to the northward. At nine o'clock a sharp breeze was blowing; at ten it had freshened into a gale; and before midnight the most furious storm was raging which I can remember upon that weather-beaten coast.

I sat for some time in our small oak-panelled sitting-room listening to the screeching and howling of the blast and to the rattle of the gravel and pebbles as they pattered against the window. Nature's grim orchestra was playing its world-old piece, with a compass which ranged from the deep diapason of the thundering surge to the thin shriek of the scattered shingle and the keen piping of frightened sea birds. Once for an instant I opened the lattice window, but a gust of wind and rain came blustering through, bearing with it a great sheet of seaweed, which flapped down upon the table. It was all I could do to close it again in the face of the blast. My sister and my father had retired to their rooms, but my thoughts were too active for sleep, so I continued to sit and to smoke by the smouldering fire. What was going on in the Hall now, I wondered? What did Gabrielle think of the storm, and how did it affect the old man who wandered about in the night? Did he welcome these dread forces of Nature as being of the same order of things as his own tumultuous thoughts? It was only four days now from the date which I had been assured was to mark a crisis in his fortunes. Would he regard this sudden tempest as being in any way connected with the mysterious fate which threatened him? Over all these things and many more I pondered as I sat by the glowing embers until they died gradually out, and the chill night air warned me that it was time to retire.

(To be continued.)

RESTELLS' TRADE SALE of WINES and SPIRITS, on THURSDAY, the 20th September.

MESSRS. W. and T. RESTELL, Sworn Brokers, of 29, Mark-lane, E.C., will SELL by Public AUCTION, chiefly without reserve, at the LONDON COMMERCIAL SALE ROOMS, MINCING-LANE, on THURSDAY, the 20th September, at 1 o'clock punctually, the following important parcels of WINES and SPIRITS, viz.:—In bond, 53 pipes, 41 hhds., and 12 qr. casks of port, including several parcels of useful wine, consigned to the Auctioneers for sale; also shipments of Cockburn's Martinez, Smith Woodhouse, Fonseca, &c.; 50 butts Sherry, a special consignment to the selling brokers from Jerez, and comprising a careful selection of Vintage Wines; five butts, 16 hhds., 84 qr. casks, and 35 octaves of sherry, shipped by F. W. Cosens and others; also the brands of Vardosa and Lopez Villegas; 47 pipes, 10 hhds., and 10 qr. casks of Spanish red, both the shilling and half-crown duty; 190 hhds. of red wine from Messina; 45 hhds. and qr. casks of pale brandy; Planat's 1877, Otard's 1878, Hennessy's 18 7, Vine Growers 1878, Barraud Sandan's 1875, 1878, &c.; 20 hhds. Scotch and Irish whisky, and sundry lots of champagne, Australian wine, &c., duty paid; 268 dozens port, Morgan Bros., 1874 and 1881, also Cockburn's and Sandeman's; 52 dozens sherry, shipped by Cosens; 211 dozens champagne, of Louis Roederer's, Beauchamp's, and de Chatillon and Co.; 127 dozens claret, 31 dozens Scotch whisky, Glendale, &c.; also 10 casks and 12 dozens of cherry brandy and other co dials. Catalogues and further particulars may be obtained of the Auctioneers and Wine and Spirit Valuers, No. 29, Mark-lane, E.C.

JUNIOR TRAVELLERS' CLUB, 8, ST. JAMES'-SQUARE, S.W.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the above premises, which are replete with every accommodation, have been secured as a PERMANENT CLUB HOUSE for the members, and will be ready for their reception on or before the 1st October. The entrance fee for new members is ten guineas, with an annual subscription of eight guineas for town, and five guineas for country members.

The Club being proprietary no liability is incurred by members beyond payment of their subscription. Copies of the rules can be seen, forms of candidature obtained, and all particulars ascertained from the Secretary at the Club House, to whom all communications should be addressed.

OFFLEY SHORE, Secretary.

September, 1888.

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